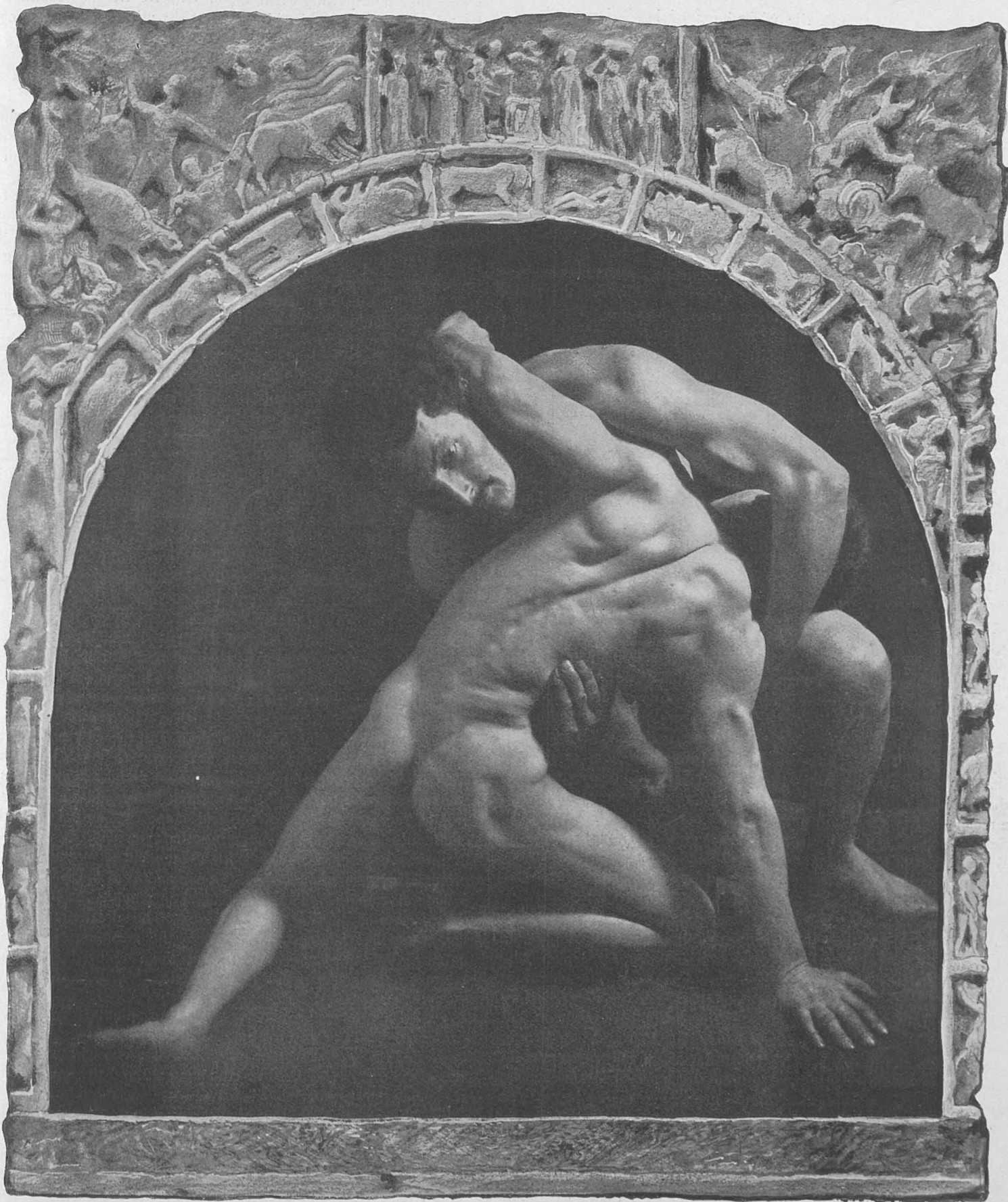


The Sketch

No. 835.—Vol. LXV.

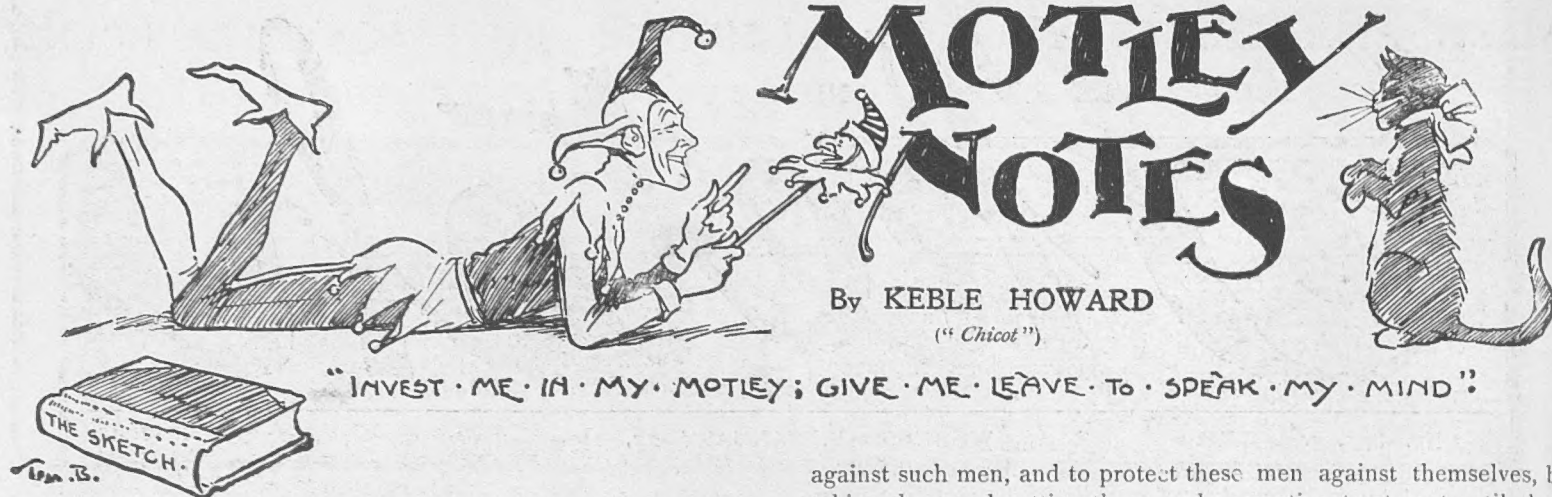
WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 27, 1909.

SIXPENCE.



"FAMOUS FOR FIGHT": THE WRESTLERS—A STUDY FROM LIFE.

Selling by "The Sketch"; Photographic Study by Count von Gloeden.



"INVEST · ME · IN · MY · MOTLEY; GIVE · ME · LEAVE · TO · SPEAK · MY · MIND"

For the Sake of Argument.

"Half the wickedness of life," I read in a weekly paper, "is owing to misery. Make a man happy and he is good. He revives, like a flower refreshed by the dew of heaven; he becomes sanguine, enthusiastic, energetic." This theory will be popular with my readers. All consoling theories are popular, and it is consoling to be told, for once in a way, that, so far from being unhappy because we are naughty, we are naughty because we are unhappy. For my part, I only wish that I could assimilate such tempting, delicate food. But I cannot. I suppose that my mental stomach is too healthy. At any rate, it is quite clear to me that you cannot make a man good by making him happy, for the very simple reason that a man never knows when he is happy. You may tell him that he is happy. You may even prove to him, logically and conclusively, that he is happy. Do you think for one moment that he will believe you? Not he. "On the contrary," says he, "I am the most miserable mortal on earth. I find no pleasure in anything at all—save, perhaps, wickedness. Take my wickedness from me and I should find life unendurable." In the end, therefore, it is as impossible to make him good by making him happy as it is to make him happy by making him good. Do you follow me, friend the reader. You do? You don't? Very well, then.

The Morals of Ants.

We all seem to be agreed in praising the Ant. The latest to do it is the *British Weekly*. That journal, ever an influence for good, has been urging its readers to greater thrift. Personally, I should have thought that the Scots, among whom the *British Weekly* so largely circulates, would have been thrifty enough to begrudge the space devoted to thrift. However, the Editor knows far more about that than I do, and this is a passage from his article: "Some human beings might have been brought up by an Ant of exceptionally high character and firmness. They never revolt against labour; they do not hate it, as so many of us do. They never waste sixpence. They manage to save large sums of money out of incomes incredibly small." The *British Weekly*, you see, takes it for granted that ants are thrifty, industrious, and honest to an ant. I fear that my own faith in the integrity of the insect kingdom is not so simple. Early teaching notwithstanding, I have an uneasy suspicion that the ants who run about the quickest are the keenest on taking a mean—or business—advantage of the other ants. To our eyes, they all look alike. All seem to be eager for the common good. What if Earth were an ant-hill? Should we not appear in as favourable a light to some creature a million times our size? Of course. And yet—!

Dr. Oldfield's Idea.

I have received the following interesting letter from that eminent sociologist, Dr. Josiah Oldfield: "Sir, I have just seen your charming reference to myself and the Bill which I am anxious to get before Parliament. You are good enough to speak highly of my heart, but disparagingly of my head, because I maintain that we should try to stop murderers from murdering by putting them under restraint in advance, instead of waiting to let them kill some poor offenceless victim, and then hanging them in our fit of vengeance. I grant you that it is not always easy to diagnose a murderer, but I do maintain that there are a large number of people at liberty who are known by their previous acts and habits of violence to be dangerous, and of whom, we may be well assured by the experience of the past, a certain number will either commit murder or attempt to commit murder, or commit a brutal assault which may shorten life, sooner or later. I maintain that it is the duty of Society to protect itself

against such men, and to protect these men against themselves, by taking them and putting them under curative treatment until their 'demon' has been exercised, and a healthy mind has been given to them."

How It Would Work Out.

Dr. Oldfield, as I have said, deserves the highest credit for his altruistic fervour. I can only repeat that I hope his Bill, if introduced into Parliament, will be thrown out. Should the learned Doctor win his way, I see no peace of mind for any of us, least of all for myself. A few nights ago, I saw a fine drama partially ruined by a piece of atrocious acting. My impulse was to drag that player from the stage to the street, and hold that player down until that player's head had been squashed to a pulp by the motor-omnibuses. This confession is quite sufficient to justify Dr. Oldfield in putting me away as an incipient homicidal maniac. The mere fact of being put away would undoubtedly develop my tendency to homicidal mania at a gallop, so that within a year I should have qualified myself for the gallows by killing an attendant. What would Dr. Oldfield do then? He would be compelled to keep me—or rather, the taxpayers would—until the end of my murderous days. Let alone, on the other hand, I should probably be able to resist the impulse to murder bad actors and actresses, and, for all that I should do, they would be allowed to ruin plays serenely for years and years. Having thanked Dr. Oldfield for his letter, then, I feel that this correspondence should now cease. Good luck to the Doctor—bad luck to his Bill.

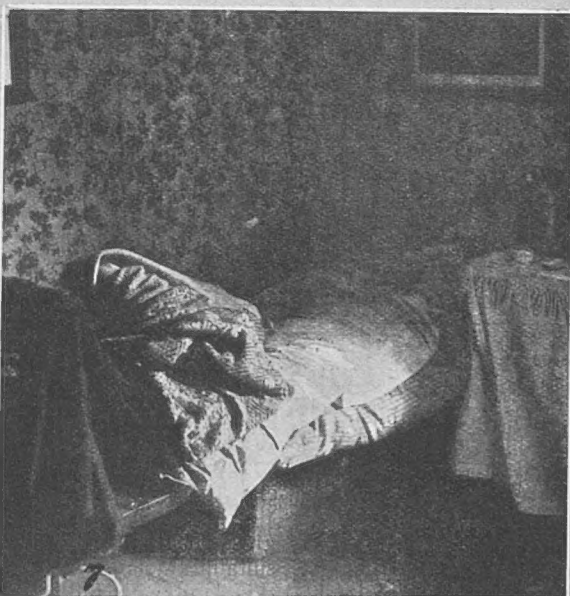
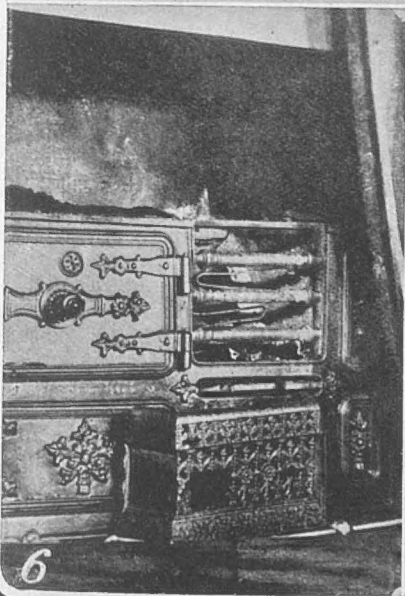
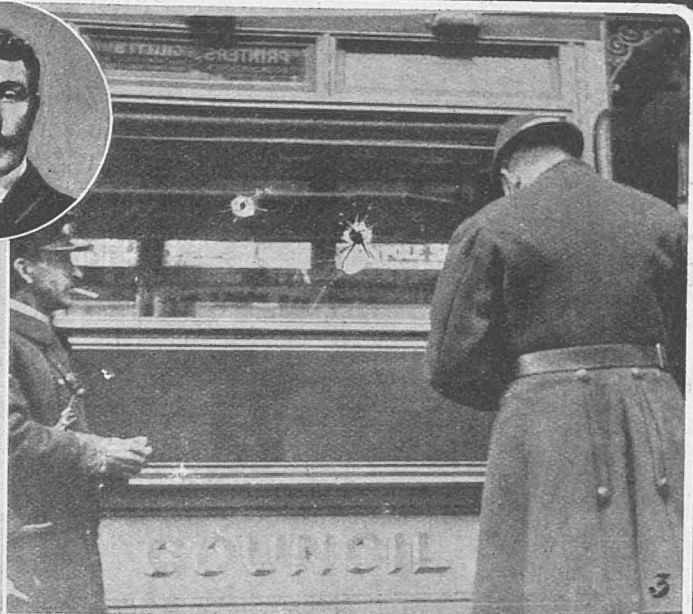
In Praise of the Amateur.

Says Mr. Leo Trevor, writing in one of my daily papers—"I live in hope that the day may not be far distant when a man or woman may be considered to have some knowledge of the dramatic art, even when they do not practise it as a means of livelihood. In my more cheerful moods I dream of a day when amateurs will not be congratulated on the success of their efforts in that lofty spirit of patronage which our uncultivated friends now adopt towards us." Mr. Trevor, of course, is perfectly right. Those who sneer at amateur actors and actresses are hopelessly behind the times. The days of the curtain that would not draw, and the wig that would not join, and the actor who was far too clever to learn his part are gone for ever. There are at this moment hundreds of actors and actresses in various parts of the kingdom who could make a genuine artistic success on any West-End stage. There is a whole-heartedness, too, in amateur acting that you will not always find in professional companies. With amateurs it is "our show." With professionals, sometimes, it is "Come and see me in ——" This is natural enough. The professional is playing for bread, whilst the amateur is playing for pleasure. The amateur, if you like, has an unfair advantage, but why deny the advantage because it is unfair? You might as well say that the Territorial is a bad shot because he has leisure for extra practice.

What the Butcher Thought.

Mr. Trevor tells an excellent story to illustrate the attitude of the ignorant towards the amateur player. A man who had been laughing the whole evening at the low comedian assured the comedian, after the show, that he was "not half bad—nearly as good, in fact, as the fellow I saw do your part in the Pier Pavilion at Whitby." Here is another story on the same lines. At a concert in a small provincial town, an amateur entertainer who had "made good" in London, gave Chevalier's "Our Bazaar" and Corney Grain's "Johnny, Me and You." After the concert the local butcher patted him on the back. "That's the stuff," said the butcher, with a cunning wink, "for these sort o' folk."

ALIEN ANARCHISTS AMOK: A RUNNING FIGHT FOR FIVE MILES. THE REMARKABLE ROBBERY AND MURDER AFFAIR AT TOTTENHAM.



1. THE INDIA-RUBBER WORKS IN CHESTNUT ROAD, TOTTENHAM, OUTSIDE WHICH THE TWO RUSSIANS ATTEMPTED TO TAKE £100 IN CASH FROM MESSRS. SCHNURRMANN'S MESSENGER.
2. POLICE-CONSTABLE TYLER, OF TOTTENHAM, WHO WAS SHOT DEAD.
3. THE ELECTRIC TRAM-CAR THAT WAS COMMANDERED BY THE RUSSIANS, SHOWING THE SHOT-HOLES THROUGH THE GLASS.
4. THE FENCE THE MEN TRIED TO CLIMB, AND THE BROOK BY THE SIDE OF WHICH THE ONE WHO WAS UNSUCCESSFUL SHOT HIMSELF.

5. THE COTTAGE IN WHICH THE SECOND MAN TOOK REFUGE, AND THE ROOM IN WHICH HE COMMITTED SUICIDE, SHOWING THE WINDOWS BROKEN BY THE BESIEGERS' FIRE.
6. THE CHIMNEY UP WHICH THE SECOND RUSSIAN TRIED UNSUCCESSFULLY TO ESCAPE.
7. THE BED (IN THE TOP FRONT ROOM OF THE COTTAGE) ON WHICH THE SECOND RUSSIAN COMMITTED SUICIDE.
8. THE MOTOR-CAR IN WHICH THE MONEY WAS BROUGHT TO THE INDIA-RUBBER WORKS, SHOWING THE SHOT-HOLES IN THE WIND-SCREEN; AND ALBERT J. KEYWORTH, WHO HAD CHARGE OF THE MONEY.

What is known as the "Tottenham Case" is one of the most remarkable affairs that modern London has seen, and reads like an episode in the life of the Wild West. Two men, said to be Russians and Anarchists, held up a motor-car in a Tottenham road, and led their pursuers an extraordinary five miles' chase, during which they commandeered an electric tram-car and a milk-cart in turn, killed a policeman and a boy of ten, and wounded no fewer than sixteen others, including two policemen. In the end, the first man, who was in danger of being caught, shot himself, it was believed fatally; and the second man, having taken refuge in a cottage, shot himself dead.

MEXICO AND THE JEWS.

PRESIDENT DIAZ INTERVIEWED.

WHEN two strong, practical men sit down to talk on sound schemes of international importance, there is usually much of original interest and sound common-sense to be gathered from their conversation. But when one of these persons is so great a character as President Diaz of Mexico, justly called the Grand Old Man of Central and South America, and the other is a traveller, man of affairs and culture, like Mr. John W. De Kay, there is an opportunity of learning truths exceptional in their force and interest. Mr. De Kay, himself of French Huguenot family, has made the Jewish question his own. He has studied this people in all their aspects. As a man of business, he knows their commercial and financial genius; as a man of culture, he has learned their artistic merits and temperamental individuality; and as a man of letters, their astonishing history has held his attention.

Mr. De Kay, who has already written much concerning Mexico, has had some interesting conversations with President Diaz. The Mexican President recognises that religion is a personal matter which every man must settle for himself. His own country was for a long time under fanatic rule, the results of which will not readily be effaced. His sympathies are therefore all the keener with the Jew in his struggle. He has a high opinion of the value of the Jew in the development of any country which he adopts. The Jew has been a valuable element in the development of the United States, and has shown himself willing to conform to its conventions and laws. Whether the Jew could ever be induced to go back to the land is a doubtful question. Certainly to-day he is very far from agriculture, and he may never go back. But if a number of influential Jews, who were genuinely interested in the national cause, were to secure suitable tracts of land in various parts of Mexico and people this land with industrious Jews from Europe, communities could be established which would be not only agricultural but industrial, and give profitable employment to every branch of skilled labour.

In answer to the inquiry as to whether the Mexican Government would be prepared to give local government to Jews, President Diaz said—

"If the Jews were to come in large numbers to any one of the sovereign States in Mexico, and each acquire a small tract of land (which is necessary before he becomes a citizen of the country), and if they took the oath of allegiance to Mexico, and accepted the obligations of citizenship, they would have all the rights of that citizenship, and those rights would not differ, in letter or in spirit, in any way from the rights of native-born Mexicans. Of course, no foreigner can, under our Constitution, any more than under the Constitution of the United States, become President of the Republic. If such citizens in any State were to become an actual voting majority, they would elect their own

Governor and other officials, and enjoy all the rights accorded to other Mexicans now or in the future. These States are independent and sovereign in their local affairs, but they are subject to the superior authority of the supreme Government of the nation.

"If the Jews did not wish to become Mexican citizens, they would still be welcome. They would be exempt from military service, and treated in all ways exactly as we treat all foreigners, without any regard to nationality or to religion. With us the pagan and his many gods, the Mormon and his many wives, and the Christian and the Jew are welcome as long as they are industrious and honest and obey the law. But I would prefer that the Jews come to Mexico and accept our citizenship if they wish, and that they teach my people the habits of industry and teach them to be thrifty.

"In my country Nature has been very kind to man. Here he needs to do only a little work, and he does only that little. It is always summer in Mexico, and as the people never need to provide against the cold, they are improvident. By their example the Jews would teach my people to work, induce them to save, and encourage them to be sober and to provide against the time when they are unable to work."

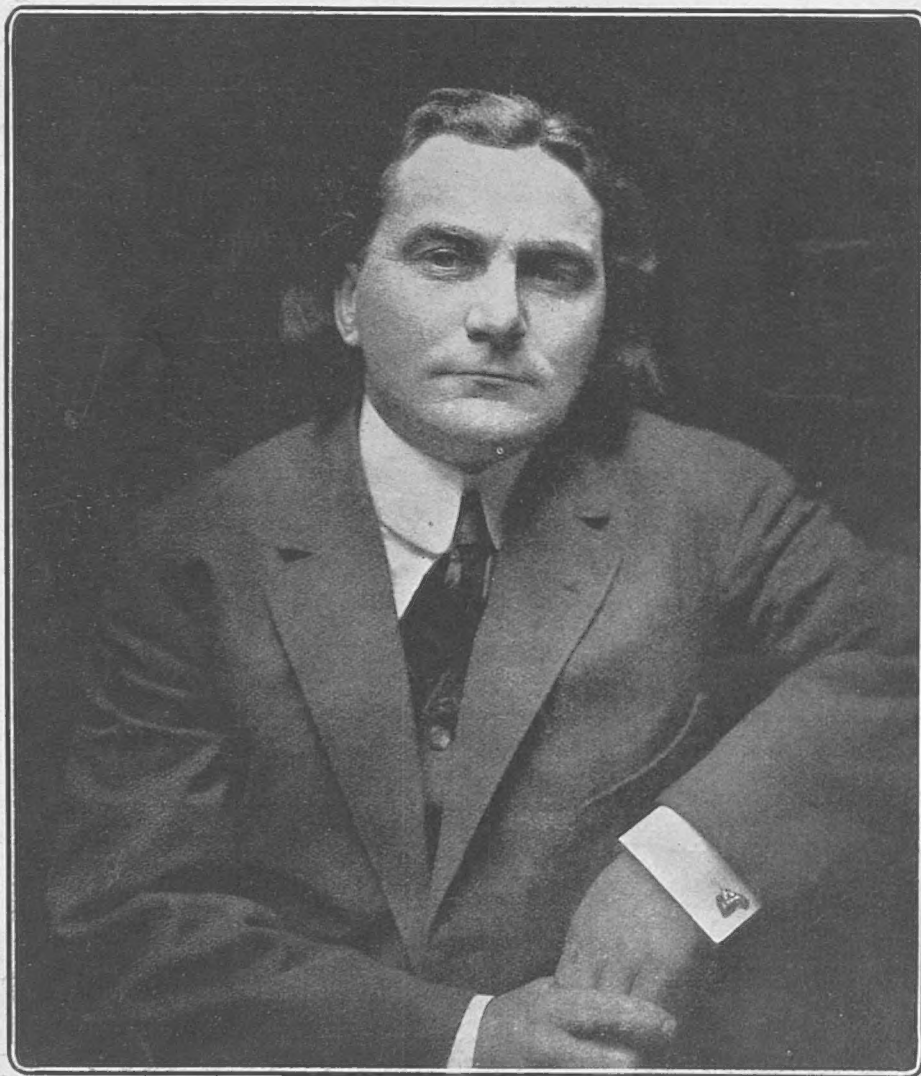
Mr. De Kay has had many discussions with the President on this most important subject, and so keen an enthusiast has, needless to say, discussed the matter from every possible point of view.

"From the standpoint of personal liberty, Mexico is an inviting country for the Jews; but from the practical standpoint, the Jew who has no money and no trade should not go to Mexico, except under the protection of some organisation or industry which could furnish, from the beginning, a field for common labour of a little better class than the Mexican labour. It seems that it would be

practical, however, to make use of the liberality of the Mexican Government, and of the almost undeveloped resources of that country, and settle the Jews there in agricultural and industrial enterprises.

"If a syndicate of wealthy Jews who are interested in the progress of their race were to purchase from the Mexican Government suitable tracts of land in various parts of the country and people this land with industrious Jews from Europe, these communities could be industrial as well as agricultural, and could give profitable employment to skilled labour in almost every line.

"It would probably be found that as the Jew prospered in these settlements he would leave them and seek his fortune in the cities; but the places left vacant by this inevitable movement towards the cities could be filled by others who would be anxious to take them because of the political freedom and the chance to do remunerative work which would be offered to them in the new land of their adoption."



MR. JOHN W. DE KAY.

Photo. Histed.

AT EDINBURGH: THE STIRLING DIVORCE CASE.



LORD NORTHLAND, SON OF THE EARL OF RANFURLY, ONE OF THE PRINCIPALS IN THE CASE.



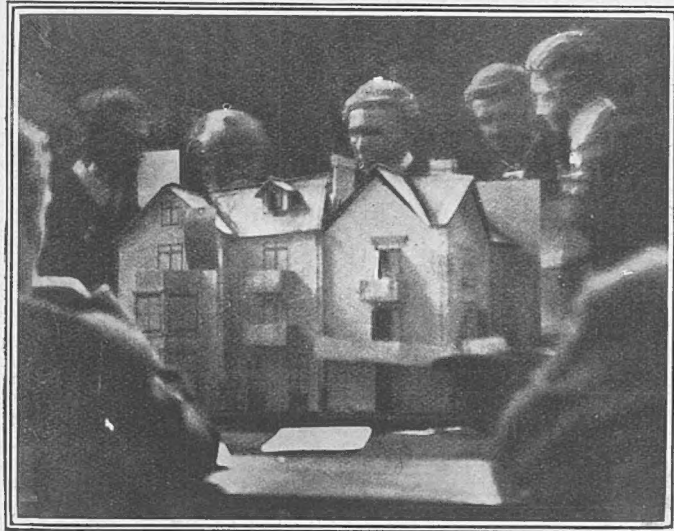
MRS. TAYLOR, MOTHER OF MRS. CLARA ELIZABETH STIRLING.



MR. JOHN ALEXANDER STIRLING, OF KIPPEN DAVIE, ONE OF THE PETITIONERS.



LORD DE LA WARR, THE UNEXPECTED WITNESS.



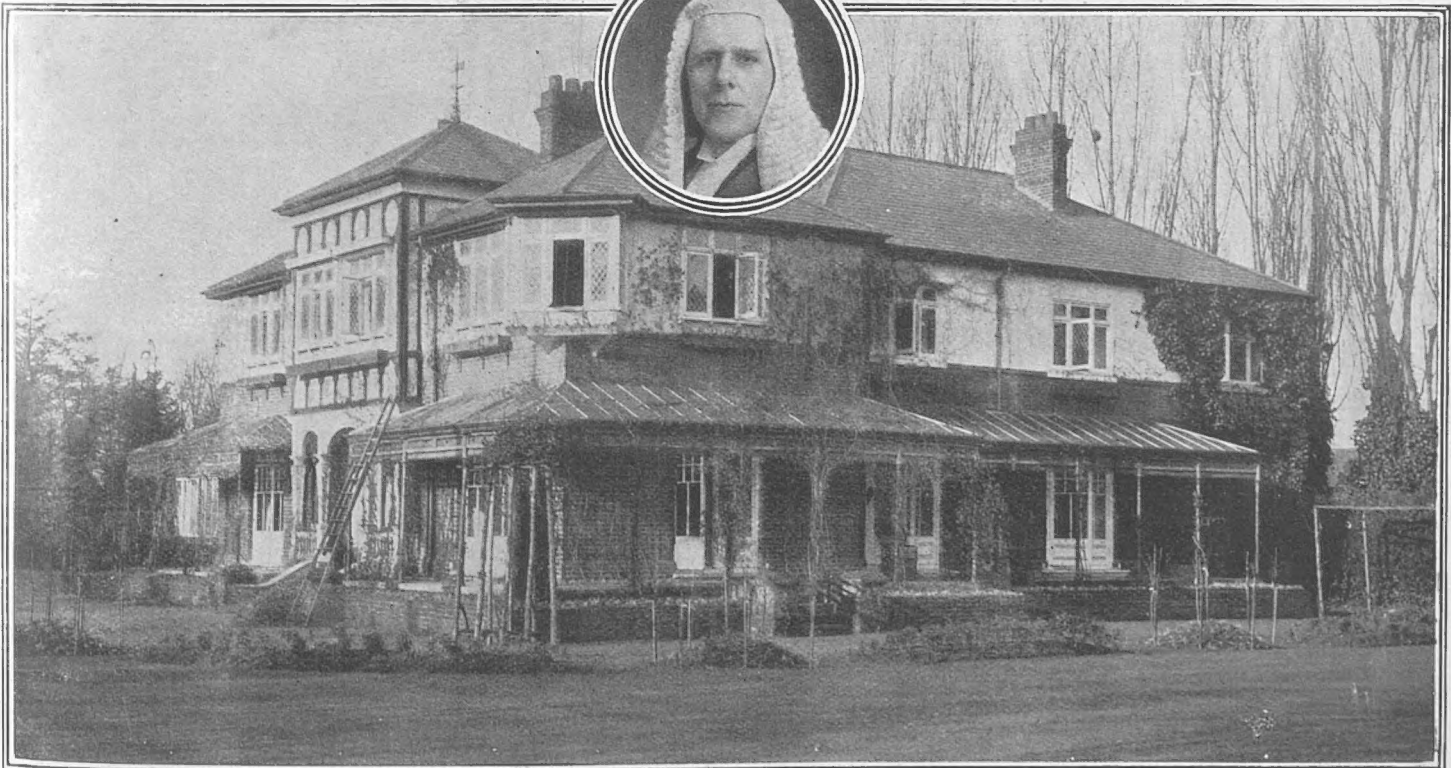
EXAMINING A MODEL OF THE OCEAN HOTEL, SANDOWN, ISLE OF WIGHT.



MRS. MORRIS, THE STIRLINGS' NURSE, CALLED AS A WITNESS.

LORD GUTHRIE, BEFORE WHOM

THE CASE WAS HEARD.



AMBERLEY COTTAGE, MAIDENHEAD, WHICH FIGURED PROMINENTLY IN THE CASE.

It is no exaggeration to say that seldom does a case heard at Edinburgh hold the public interest so firmly that there is little interest left for the doings in the Strand. It is not, however, altogether remarkable that things should be as they are, for the affair presents a number of somewhat unusual features and concerns several people who are exceedingly well known in London.

Photograph of Amberley Cottage by Bolak; of Lord Guthrie by Elliott and Fry.

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The Whispering Man. H. K. Webster. 6s.
After the Pardon. Mathilde Serao. 6s.
The New Andromeda. Carlton Dawe. 6s.
Petticoat Pilgrims on Talk. Mrs. Fred Maturin. 7s. 6d. net.
Hungary of To-Day. Edited by Percy Alden, M.P. 7s. 6d. net.
Reminiscences of an Old Sportsman. W. B. Woodgate. 15s. net.

HEINEMANN.
The Thunderbolt. A. W. Pinero. 1s. 6d.
 CHAPMAN AND HALL.
A Question of Means. Margaret B. Cross. 6s.
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 JOHN WISDEN.
Cricketer's Almanack, 1909. Edited by S. H. Pardon. 1s.
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 JOHN. MILNE.
The Two Goodwins. R. Murray Gilchrist. 6s.
The Graven Image. Mrs. Coulson Kernahan. 6s.

TITLE-PAGE AND INDEX.

The Title-page and Index of Volume Sixty-four (from Oct. 14, 1908, to Jan. 6, 1909) of THE SKETCH can be had, Gratis, through any Newsagent, or direct from the Publishing Office, 172, Strand, London.

THE

ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS,

JANUARY 30.

SPECIAL**COLOURED SUPPLEMENT:
MISS IRENE VANBRUGH.**

BY

FRANK HAVILAND.

THE

ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS,

JANUARY 30.

PRICE SIXPENCE.

PUBLISHING OFFICE: 172, STRAND, W.C.

EDITORIAL OFFICE: MILFORD LANE, STRAND, W.C.

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TO ARTISTS.—Every Drawing sent to "The Sketch" is considered purely on its merits. Published drawings will not be returned except by special arrangement. Every drawing submitted must bear the name and address of the artist, and be fully titled.

TO AUTHORS.—The Editor is always open to consider short stories (up to three thousand words in length), illustrated articles of a topical or general nature, and original jokes. Stories are paid for according to merit: general articles and jokes at a fixed rate.

TO PHOTOGRAPHERS.—In submitting Photographs, contributors are requested to state whether (a) such photographs have been previously published, (b) they have been sent to any other paper, and (c) they are copyright or non-copyright. With regard to reproduction, clear silver prints are the most suitable. No published photograph will be returned unless a special arrangement is made to that effect. The name and address of the sender must be written carefully on the back of each photograph submitted, and each print must be fully titled.

Photographs of new and original subjects—English, Colonial, and Foreign—are particularly desired.

SPECIAL NOTE TO AMATEURS.—The Editor will be glad to consider Photographs of beautiful landscapes, buildings, etc., and will pay at the customary rate for any used. Photographs of comparatively unknown "sights" are preferred to prints of well-known and continually photographed places.

GENERAL NOTICES.—Every care will be taken of contributions submitted to the Editor, and every endeavour made to return rejected contributions to their senders; but the Editor will not accept responsibility for the accidental loss, damage, destruction, or long detention of manuscripts, drawings, paintings, or photographs sent for his approval.

Contributors desirous of knowing the kind of work that is most likely to be accepted are advised to study the pages of the paper.

No use will be made of circular matter.

All stories and articles should be type-written.

With a view to preventing any possible misunderstanding on the subject, the Editor desires to make it quite clear that under no circumstances does an offer of payment influence the insertion of portraits in "The Sketch," nor has it ever done so.

"SKETCH" EDITORIAL OFFICES, MILFORD LANE, STRAND, W.C.

PUBLISHING OFFICE: 172, STRAND, W.C.

BRUMMELL

IDIOT & PHILOSOPHER

By COSMO HAMILTON

A BUSY week. Bustin' busy. I mean that I've been doin' things and goin' to places, and playin' the countryman in London, and so on. Haven't done it for ages. Extraordinary thing how little one wants to see anything when there's lots to see, and how much one wants to see everything when there's nothing to see. Do you follow me? Here am I, a confirmed Londoner, a town bird from claws to beak, being positively pelted with seeds, so to speak. I mean, droppin' poetry, surrounded with every sort of show, from theatres to rinkin', and hoppin', beak tilted, past them all. Honestly, it's an adventure for me to sally out at night with the eighty to one risk of bein' bored into a state of comatosity. I've fallen into the habit of not doin' it. What? Men say to me by way of bein' bright, "Seen Mrs. Pat?" and I lie back and say "Yes," and so lie again. What I mean is, when I say yes, that havin' seen her once I've seen her always, d'y'see. Same all round. Havin' done them all in my early and energetic youth, I can lie on my oars in my early middle-age and chew the cud of rosemary in perfect peace. This I've done blandly for a considerable time, and when I read the various remarks of newspaper men about the absolutely new shows of the night before—good and bad, accordin' to whether the writer is pals with the joker who has a dash with the show—it's very human and nice—I just think back for a second and tick it off in my mind as "Seen in '06 or '07," as the case may be, and thank the gods of my fathers that I didn't turn out. It saves a wonderful lot of fog and brain-agony.

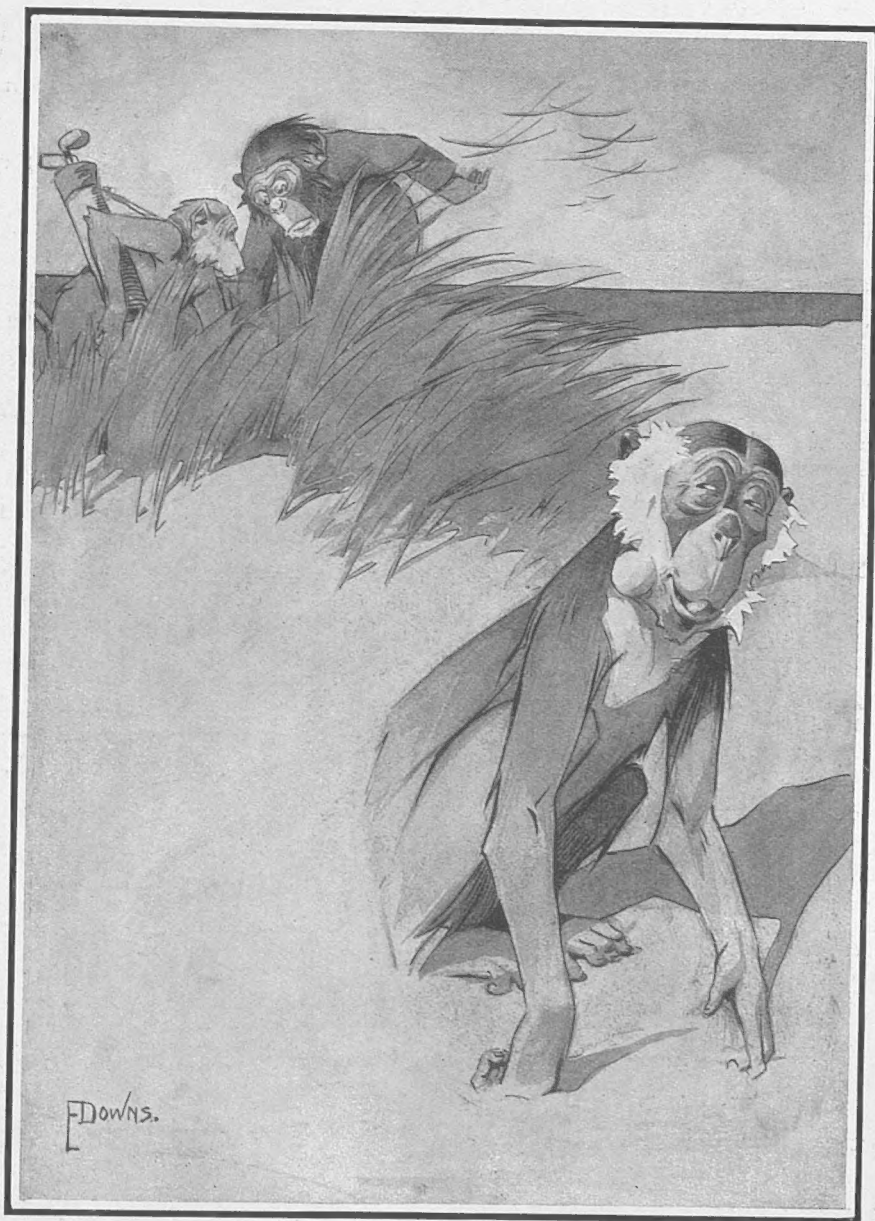
However, it happened that a country cousin of mine married to a country cousin of his—dear things both—came up from their healthy, draughty life to make themselves thoroughly unwell in London and have an excellent time generally, in the usual hearty, draughty country way. These two chubby, red-faced, wonderfully fresh, white-eyed, rather loud-voiced Hello-Hello dears, who directly they are out of bed are in the saddle, and no sooner out of the saddle than they are out with the gun, or the rod, or any other old thing that makes little live things devilishly peevish in one way or another; who eat hearty and plain, drink bravely and much, dress twice and badly, go to bed early and jump—I said jump—out early; who address dogs and horses and hangers-on in precisely the same bad-tempered-good-tempered way—"Get up, can't you?" "Stand on 'em, can't you?" "Down, you brute!" "What? What? No!" "Out of it, you!" "D'you want *all* the road, then?" "Now the other." "Go and lie!" "Great Scotland Yard, it's freezin'!" and so on—cash'd a hefty cheque, left minute orders about the horses and dogs and those sort of animals that always seem to me to swarm in the country—I may be wrong—got together what they amusingly called their town clothes, engaged

a couple of rooms (with bath) at Brown's Hotel—their fathers stayed at Brown's, and that made the Ritz and the Carlton and the Coburg impossible—and started to see and do the whole blessed thing right through from A to Z. Oh, very wonderful! What? Well, liking me, as most people do—I can't see why, but most people seem to find me a sort of prize ass—they whipped me in; Hello-Helloed me out of all remonstrance; brought such a hearty, draughty, dashed way with them into my harbour that I was galvanised into a false

energy, a sort of hysteria; and took me about from one show to another, one gallery to another, one rink to another, one restaurant to another, that, b'Jove and b'George, I've seen more of the things I've tried not to see for years in a week than I hope I shan't see again for years.

When I say that we did eight theatres in six nights you'll know the sort of thing I mean. One way and another, however—I find I'm sayin' "however" again now: I was quite fond of it once, but suddenly took a dislike to it—I'm not sorry that they came up. These nights at the theatre have given me one or two new brain goods. I find, something to my surprise—because, mind you, I've read quite a lot about the elevation of the Drama, and so on—that love is still regarded on the stage as a very painful disease. When the present leading lady says, "I love you"—one leading lady is exactly like every other leading lady—she arranges herself into an attitude of dental agony, and sings what ought to be a very pleasin' remark in a voice that does its best to go out of tune. In fact, it seems to be the thing for the leading lady of the day to speak out of tune. They don't say anything as the women we know say things—I mean just say them—they turn all their remarks into Gregorian

chants, either gabblin' so quick that you can't hear a single blessed word, like a goose gobblin', or address the leading man so slowly, so sadly, with a Necropolis air that is so black that one tries to read about corsets on the programme to buck one up. Isn't it a weird idea? I don't think it's wise. I mean I'm certain that the leading lady has a lot to do with puttin' quite respectable plays to bed. I don't mind confessin' that everywhere I went the leading lady gave me great discomfort. I literally took a great dislike to her. Because they're leading ladies no one seems to have the pluck to teach 'em how to act, and all the while they are just the only people in the theatre who want all the teaching. Who'll start a school for leading ladies? I know that I went to eight theatres, and in each one of 'em I got so fed up with the leading lady that I longed for the play to end unhappily. I couldn't stand the bare idea of the dear old hero having to settle down after a painful visit to St. George's and put up with a wife with weirdly done hair, who would ask him to pass the toast in the voice of a minor Canon of Westminster on duty. That *must* be pretty bad for the play, d'y'see. What?



"A LOST BALL."



THE CLUBMAN

THE BERLIN ALDERMEN AND EVENING DRESS — CLOTHES AND THE MAN.

THE fact that the Burgomaster of Berlin and the other City Fathers will not wear evening-dress clothes when receiving our King at the gates of the capital means the official recognition of a revolution in dress which has been gradually going on all over the Continent and in America. England has been the one country in which for a generation the men have worn the swallow-tailed coat and open waistcoat as evening garb, and have not worn them at festivities in the daytime. At a wedding in France the male guests would have been lacking in respect to the bride and bridegroom if they had come in any other garb than what we consider evening dress. When M. Paul Deschanel, the Adonis of the Chamber of Deputies, followed the British fashion and was married at the Madeleine in a grey frock-coat, all France was astounded. The fashion, however, was set, and gradually, very gradually, the great spaces of white shirt will disappear from the French churches on the occasions of marriages.

Whether the French will follow the German example and dispense with evening dress at daylight official ceremonies I should doubt. An elderly Frenchman, especially a provincial one, never enjoys himself more than when he puts on his dress-suit, of the cut of the year 1, to go and meet the Préfet. He has been frictioned and frised and shaved by the local barber, who feels that he, too, is contributing to the glory of the little town. His wife has put some of her scent on his handkerchief; his shirt of many pleats is an advertisement of the skill and lightness of hand of the *blanchisseuses* of the town laundry; the rainbow ribbon given for "agricultural merit" twinkles in his button-hole; his high silk hat has been produced from the wooden box on the top of the wardrobe, and has been carefully ironed by the cook; and as the last touch of beauty and refinement, he draws on a pair of white-silk gloves which his grandfather bought in the Waterloo year. Such a joy as this is not to be sacrificed because Berlin aldermen are afraid of catching a chill waiting to welcome a British King.

In a Parisian theatre, every fifth or sixth man in the stalls now wears evening dress, generally with a black tie. This is the force of British example, though the Camelots du Roi and other bodies of patriotic young aristocrats would probably deny it. The first Frenchmen to go to the theatres of the capital in evening dress were the smart young men who came over to England in the winter to hunt, conformed to many British customs, and went to London tailors for all their clothes. The London tailors next invaded Paris, and a well-dressed



ARMENIANS CELEBRATING "CHRISTMAS" IN LONDON: A LITTLE GIRL KISSING THE CROSS HELD BY THE PRIEST.

The Armenians in London observed Christmas the other day (according to the Old Style calendar), and special services were held at the Armenian Orphanage Chapel at Kilburn. At the end of the service each member of the congregation came up to the priest in turn, and kissed the small cross he held in his hand.

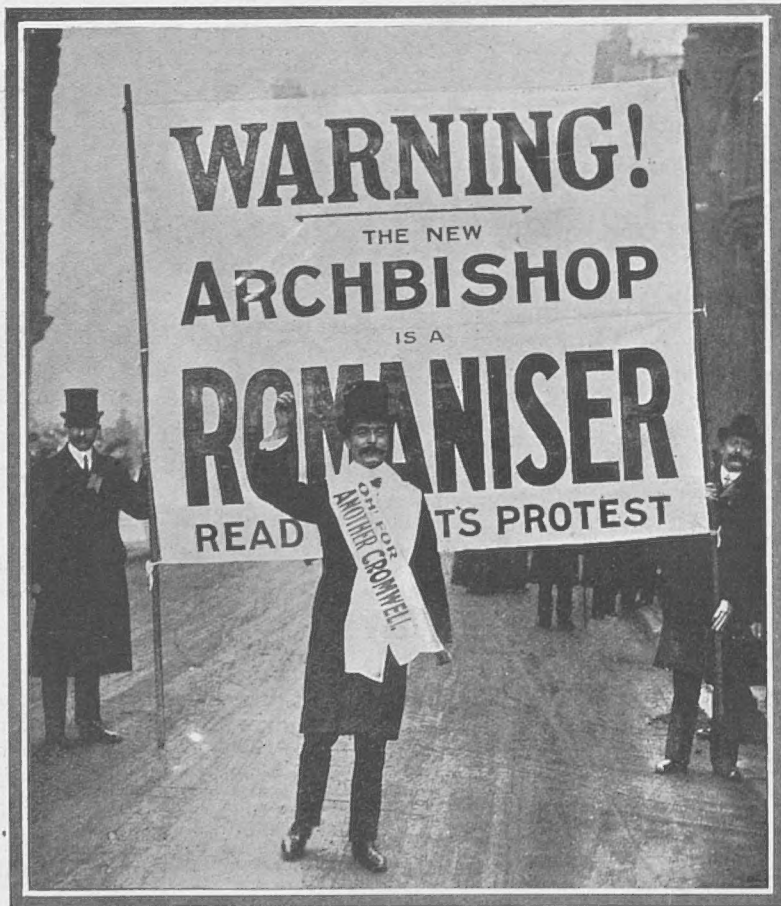
Photograph by L.N.A.

young Frenchman is now, so far as his clothes are concerned, as like a well-dressed young Englishman as one pin is like another pin.

An American dresses just as he deems well pleases, and the great middle-class of the mighty Republic would break out into a white heat of Independence Day oratory if it were told that it ought to follow the British lead and put on dress-clothes every evening. But every American who travels in Europe falls a victim to the dress-clothes habit. The custom of wearing a dinner-jacket and a black tie at dinner has become so universal at all the big hotels all over Europe that even the stalwart Republicanism of the men from the States cannot stand against it. From the dinner-jacket to the evening coat is but a step in what the American considers a downward path, and the man from Pittsburg who has asserted his right on his outward journey to dine at a smart London restaurant in a frock-coat puts on, when he returns to our smoky city on his homeward journey, an evening coat and a white waistcoat, just as all the rest of us do.

In the year of the Great Exhibition at Chicago I went to a theatre in ordinary evening clothes, as I was escorting a lady and had taken a box. Miss Lilian Russell was playing in a comic opera, and the low comedian, "gagging" at me, said that he would get into a white waistcoat and a claw-hammer coat and take a lady to a theatre. Whether a low comedian would be allowed such licence of speech now by an American management I do not know, but I am quite sure that I should not be the only man in dress-clothes at an evening performance in one of the leading Chicago theatres.

Of course, Uncle Sam's "claw-hammer coat" and John Bull's tail-coat of blue with gilt buttons are historical; but neither of these was the black, fine-cloth garb of our evening wear. The evening dress-coat leads the march of civilisation just as surely as do the Union Jack or Old Glory. In the comparatively early days of the new Japan, when our present allies were striving to make the European Powers understand that they were no longer artistic barbarians, but just as civilised as the men of white skins, I made the acquaintance at Tokio of a little Marquis, who had some post about the Court. In his usual garb he was delightfully picturesque; but he came to see me one afternoon, and he was in European dress-clothes. He was going to the Palace, and this was the regulation dress of ceremony. The clothes had been made by a Japanese tailor, and his silk-hat came down to his nose. Never was there such a disappointing transformation.



"OH FOR ANOTHER CROMWELL!"—PROTESTING AGAINST THE CONFIRMATION OF THE NEW ARCHBISHOP OF YORK.

The confirmation of the Archbishop of York was made the occasion last week of a protest by Mr. John Kensit and his followers. Mr. Kensit read his protest in the Church House, Westminster, before the confirmation; but the Archbishop of Canterbury, speaking on behalf of the Commission, decided against him. Various followers of Mr. Kensit walked backwards and forwards outside the Church House, carrying banners with inscriptions regarded by them as appropriate to the occasion.—(Photograph by L.N.A.)

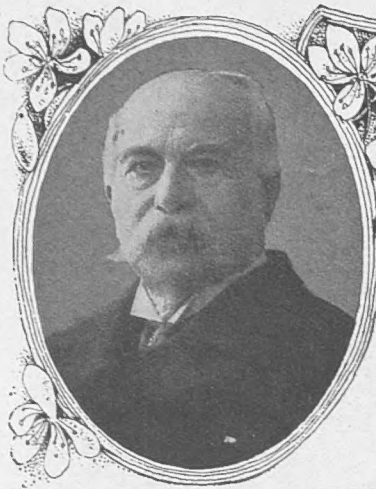
PETITIONER IN THE GREAT SOCIETY DIVORCE CASE AT EDINBURGH.



MRS. CLARA ELIZABETH STIRLING, WHO SUED FOR DIVORCE ON THE GROUND OF HER HUSBAND'S
ALLEGED INTIMACY WITH MRS. ATHERTON.

Mrs. Stirling (who sued for a divorce from her husband, who brought a cross-petition on the ground of her alleged intimacy with Lord Northland, son of the Earl of Ranfurly) is twenty-four, and an American, and was formerly a player in "The Earl and the Girl." Mr. John Alexander Stirling, Laird of Kippendavie, was formerly a Lieutenant in the Scots Guards. His marriage took place on October 26, 1904, at the Registry Office in the district of St. George's, Hanover Square.

Photograph by Bassano.



HONoured BY A MEDAL STRUCK IN COMMEMORATION OF HIS 80TH BIRTHDAY: SIGNOR TOMMASO SALVINI.

Photograph by Alinari.

the event, and the freedom of the City of Rome was presented to him, while numerous addresses of congratulation from other cities were sent to him. In spite of his age, Signor Salvini is still remarkably well preserved. His tall, broad, sturdy figure has lost little of its vigour, his step is still elastic, and his voice—that wonderful voice, which in “Othello” pealed forth like some church-organ—still retains its old melodious and sonorous tones.

Composer of “The Angelus.” Dr. Edward Naylor, the composer of “The Angelus,” is a son of the late Dr. John Naylor, who was for some years organist and choir-master of York Minster, and conductor of the York Musical Society. Dr. Edward Naylor is organist of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, and has been known hitherto as the composer of some sacred songs and chamber music, works that have pleased the few who were privileged to hear them. His chance came when Messrs. Ricordi, of Milan, London, and New York, offered their £500 prize for an opera written by an Englishman. We were to have heard “The Angelus” last week, but each rehearsal has shown the need for another, and the first performance will take place to-night.



THE FIRST LADY INSPECTOR OF PRISONS, DR. MARY GORDON.

Dr. Mary Gordon, who is the first lady to hold such office, has been appointed one of his Majesty's Inspectors of Prisons, and an Assistant Inspector of State and Certified Inebriate Reformatories.

Photograph by Bolak.

Richard J. Higgins, of Kansas City, Missouri, has been the recipient of this remarkable distinction. His appointment to the office is rendered still more remarkable by the fact that although he is a Democrat in politics, he was elected to his office by a large majority in a district which is ordinarily Republican. Mr. Higgins was born in Kansas City in May 1883, his parents being natives of County Kerry, who had emigrated to America. He received his education in the Grade Schools of the city, and graduated from the State University and the Kansas City School of Law. He began practising less than three years ago, and got his chance from Mr. Joseph Taggart, the County Attorney of Wyandotte County, Kansas, whose position is somewhat analogous to that of our own King's Counsel. Two years ago, when a dozen murder cases were awaiting trial, Mr. Taggart appointed Mr. Higgins an Assistant Prosecuting Attorney. Although several of the prisoners were defended by criminal lawyers of noted ability,

SMALL TALK

ALTHOUGH Signor Salvini retired several years ago from the stage of which he was so brilliant an ornament, the services he has rendered to dramatic art have not been forgotten. His eightieth birthday, which occurred a short time ago, was made the occasion for a remark-

able demonstration of regard, for a special medal was struck to commemorate

Mr. Higgins easily proved himself a match for them, and got convictions in eleven of the cases.

The King's Supporter.

the proceedings concerning Smyth-Pigott were taken, is one

The Bishop of Bath and Wells, at whose instance

of the Prelates who have seen the Empire from both sides. He was for some time Bishop of Adelaide. A pathetic incident attended his consecration. The ceremony was one of the last thoughts of Archbishop Tait, who lay dying when the day of the consecration arrived. The then Bishop of London officiated, but the new Bishop was called to the dying man's bedside, and, kneeling, received his blessing. The Bishop was witness of a more notable consecration. He was at the left hand of the King at his Majesty's Coronation, and it was to him that the King turned to ask, when weary from the effects of his illness and from long kneeling, whether he might stand for a moment.

New Peeress in Her Own Right.

henceforth be known as Lady Amherst of Hackney. As Lady William

Cecil she attained fame in many departments, for she is a fine sculptor, as well as an Egyptologist and naturalist. Her marriage to Lord William Cecil, who is an uncle of Lord Exeter, took place twenty-three years ago, and has been an ideal one from every point of view. Lord William is Comptroller of the Household of Princess Henry of Battenberg, and the new peeress attended Princess Victoria Eugénie of Battenberg when King Alfonso's betrothed journeyed to Spain just before the royal marriage. Lady Amherst of Hackney is an authority on ornithology, and some years ago she wrote a charming book, entitled “Bird-Notes from the Nile.” Her eldest son and heir, the Hon. William Amherst, as he is called, is a lieutenant in the Grenadier Guards.



THE ENGLISH COMPOSER WHOSE OPERA IS TO BE PRODUCED AT COVENT GARDEN TO-NIGHT: DR. EDWARD NAYLOR, COMPOSER OF “THE ANGELUS.”

Photograph by Dover Street Studios.

The Youngest Judge.

For a man to be elevated to the Judicial Bench at the age of twenty-five is, to say the least, an unusual condition of things. Mr.



A TWENTY-FIVE-YEAR-OLD JUDGE: MR. RICHARD J. HIGGINS, OF KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI.



INSTIGATOR OF THE PROCEEDINGS AGAINST MR. SMYTH-PIGOTT: THE BISHOP OF BATH AND WELLS.

Photograph by Lafayette.

A most distinguished addition to the small group of peeresses in their own right is the clever lady who will



A PEERESS IN HER OWN RIGHT: LADY AMHERST OF HACKNEY.

Lady Amherst of Hackney, formerly known as Lady William Cecil, came into the title on the death of her father, Lord Amherst of Hackney, the other day.

Photograph by Lafayette.

The Radcliffe Wedding.

A long engagement preceded the marriage of Mr. Everard Radcliffe and Miss Daisy Ashton Case, which takes place at the Brompton Oratory to-day. The bridegroom is the son and lucky heir of Sir Joseph Radcliffe, of Ridding Park, Yorkshire, whose property gains and gains in value by the growth of Harrogate. The Radcliffes call cousins with the Tichbornes; and people who remember anything at all about the Tichborne trial will remember the moment of sordid drama when the Claimant was confronted with the late Lady Radcliffe (the grandmother of Mr. Everard Radcliffe), with whom the real Roger Tichborne had been in love, but who finally gave her hand and heart to the worthy Baronet of Ridding Park.

A PRINCIPAL IN THE GREAT SOCIETY DIVORCE
CASE AT EDINBURGH.



MRS. ATHERTON, WHO FIGURED SO PROMINENTLY IN THE STIRLING CASE.

Mrs. Atherton, one of the principals in the great Society divorce case that was heard before Lord Guthrie in the Court of Session at Edinburgh, is the daughter of a baronet, and one of Society's most famous beauties. It will be remembered that she was divorced by Colonel Atherton, and that she brought an action for alleged breach of promise against Captain Yarde-Buller. More recently her name cropped up when she had a dispute with Mrs. Taylor, Mrs. Stirling's mother.

Photograph by H. Walter Barnett.

CROWNS-CORONETS-COURTIERS



MRS. MARK SPROT (FORMERLY MISS MELIORA HAY), WHOSE MARRIAGE TOOK PLACE YESTERDAY (TUESDAY).

Mrs. Sprot is the eldest daughter of the late Sir James A. Hay, Bt.

Photograph by Kate Praeger.

followed hard upon the inventor, and that, at least, was recreation, even if sandwiched in between clocks and Ambassadors.

The King and the Editor. On Saturday Lord Burnham welcomed the King and the Prince of Wales at Barn Hall, where he tried to persuade himself, and his guests, that the gun is mightier than the pen. But it is neither as Levy nor as Burnham, but by the halfway name of Levy Lawson, of the Press, that his friends remember him, know him, and respect him. Lord Burnham of Barn Hall, in County Bucks, may shoot over his own covers with his King, but the host's mind is much in Fleet Street, and the talk mostly of journals and journalism. The Hon. Harry Lawson, who takes the reins—or the wires—and drives his father's quill also on occasion, was also a sportsman, for the afternoon, last Saturday.

Berlin's Bunting. The German Emperor is himself superintending the preparations for his English visitors: he wants the bunting of Oxford Street to be exactly reproduced in the streets of Berlin, and the steaks of Windsor Castle precisely imitated for the breakfast-table of the Schloss. But he is also careful for the comforts of his own subjects. Owing to the climatic conditions, he hopes that the municipal authorities will wear hats and overcoats, and that all ladies present will be warmly clad. It is the father of the German people speaking. But how differently were these things ordered in his own father's time!



MISS GLADYS EDITH MURIEL HADOW, DAUGHTER OF LADY CONSTANCE HADOW, WHO IS ENGAGED TO MR. CHARLES EVELYN SEYMOUR.

Photograph by Mme. Lallie Charles.

ALTHOUGH last week was the busiest that has come the King's way for some time, his genius as the maker of a programme enabled him to crowd in many hours of recreation. After a day filled with the calls, and callers, of Empire, he had the spirit to spend his evening at a place of entertainment of like name in Leicester Square. The next morning, the pains and pleasures of his Majesty's position awaited him betimes, for he found time to be instructed in the mechanism of a newly invented clock: and its name was "Empire"! The Marquis de Soveral

excitement makes so good a muffler that no one caught cold during the bitter two-hours drive.

The Seat of the Mighty.

Human nature is signally amused by one kind of accident; and that is the misfortune of any man who sits down on his hat, or any other incongruity. To sit upon an egg, to sit upon a wasp's nest—nay, to sit upon nothing and so come to the ground; all this is excellent entertainment to the looker-on. Lady Paget thinks the sitting down of General Wrangel during the reception in Prussia of the late Emperor Frederick (then Crown Prince) and his newly



MR. MARK SPROT, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO MISS MELIORA HAY TOOK PLACE YESTERDAY (TUESDAY).

Mr. Sprot was in the Royal Scots Greys. He is now of Riddell, Roxburghshire.

Photograph by Kate Praeger.

wedded English bride quite worth recording after fifty long years; for he sat down upon an apple-tart. The tart had been presented to the Princess Victoria at a wayside station, and she had laid the offering on the carriage seat, and the General had entered to pay his homage and had taken, not the seat of honour, but the seat of immemorial farce. The situation was not lightened by the screams of royal laughter.

Italy and Her Queen.

This is the second melancholy winter of the Roman Court. A year ago it was in mourning for the murder of the King of Portugal and his son, nearly connected with the royal House of Savoy. There were no gaieties at the Quirinal. This year the mourning is not for two, but for a hundred thousand, and not for Princes, but for a population. It is worth noting that the admiration of the Romans for their handsome Queen was formerly somewhat dulled by

their criticism of what they thought her too maternal disposition. She was apt to spend much time in her nursery and to bring the talk round to her children. But since her charity and heroism have shown her maternal feeling to be not exclusive and not selfish, but universal and generous, Italy loves her as it never loved before.

Ever the Time and the Place.

Calcutta has association's which are anything but festive, and at the best her Cathedral is a long way from Hanover Square. However, the marriage of Lady Violet Elliot and Lord Charles Fitzmaurice seems to have been admirably British, with a Bishop, and Bells, and a Breakfast. Nor was it forgotten that the Cathedral has its associations; the King remembers that he spent a Calcutta Christmas as soberly within its precincts as he ever passed a Balmoral one in Scotland. Indeed, sermons and services seem very solemn and unconscionably long when they are alien to the spirit and colour of a country or a city.



GRANDDAUGHTERS OF THE LATE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE: THE MISSES IRIS AND DAPHNE FITZGEORGE.

The late Duke of Cambridge was, as all the world knows, a devoted father and grandfather, and he would have been delighted to see the growing beauty of Miss Daphne and Miss Iris FitzGeorge, who have inherited much of the comeliness for which their grandmother, the late "Mrs. FitzGeorge," was famous.—[Photographs by Thomson.]

Cold Comfort.

Very unlike the procedure of our times was the gala-day of fifty years ago, when the Princess Frederick William made her honeymoon entry into Berlin. Lady Paget, who accompanied her from Windsor as a Lady-in-Waiting, has told the shivering history. It was on a frosty day in January, and the Princess and all her ladies had to wear low dresses and keep the windows of the golden coaches open. And



IVIE, LADY COLQUHOUN OF LUSS, WHO IS TO MARRY MR. HENRY HARINGTON, OF THE FOURTEENTH WEST YORKSHIRE REGIMENT.

Photograph by Lafayette.

WRESTLING ON THE MUSIC-HALL MAT AGAIN: REMARKABLE POSITIONS.



HOLDS AND POSITIONS THAT ARE ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE TO THE HEAVY-WEIGHT: LIGHT-WEIGHT WRESTLERS AT WORK.

It would seem that there is to be a music-hall boom in wrestling again, and it was arranged that the National Sporting Wrestling Championship (open to the world and in the catch-as-catch-can style) should begin at the Alhambra on Monday afternoon last. Our photographs show a number of the remarkable holds and positions adopted and taken by light-weight wrestlers, and illustrate moves that the average heavy-weight wrestler finds practically impossible.—(Photographs by Reinhold Thiele.)

THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS

By E. F. S. (Monocle)

"THE GONDOLIERS"—"OLIVE LATIMER'S HUSBAND."

MR. RUTLAND BARRINGTON'S lecture upon Encores and the discussion which followed it, at the Criterion, had no effect the following night upon "The Gondoliers." A good many encores were demanded and given; none were given that had not been demanded, whilst in several cases the loudly uttered wishes of the audience were disregarded, notably once when poor Miss Elsie Spain was asked to sing a song again, and did not. Of course, the encore question has little to do with the Savoy; it is at other musico-dramatic homes that first-night audiences are irritated by encores given in reply to the applause of a clique, and sometimes in response to applause unheard on our side of the footlights. "The Gondoliers" seems wonderfully fresh: I am inclined to think that more numbers in it are well known than in any other of the series; but perhaps I take a like view of every revival. Quite an excellent performance was given, the chief matter in which was the appearance of Mr. Rutland Barrington for the first time as the Grand Inquisitor, which he handled admirably, losing none of its humour. As the Duke of Plaza Toro, Mr. Workman had hardly the quaintness of the original, Mr. Frank Wyatt, nor the deftness in dancing, but he was very funny in a quiet way and sang capitally. The two Gondoliers were well represented by Mr. Henry Herbert and Mr. Henry Lytton. The parts of their wives were taken by Miss Elsie Spain and Miss Jessie Rose, the latter playing Tessa and the former Gianetta: both of them sang agreeably, and Miss Jessie Rose acted with no little spirit.

"Olive Latimer's Husband," the second play by Mr. Rudolf Besier, author of "The Virgin Goddess," is just a little disappointing. The new dramatist

does not move quite easily in modern dress; it is not that he shows any lack of inventive dexterity, but occasionally there is a want of preparation, and sometimes an excess which causes the audience a little bewilderment, and in treating the accessory characters there is too great an energy of colour. These, however, are small faults, and the more important fact remains that the work is a powerful, interesting, imaginative drama, written courageously and sincerely, and that the author, without going outside the limits of his play, has contrived to handle vividly the ugly subject of mercenary marriages. The most unsatisfactory aspect of the piece is the weakness of the endeavour to show that the remorse of Olive Latimer would have prevented her from marrying her lover, even if the discovery that she murdered her husband had not been made. This is hinted at in her expression of belief that she will never enjoy the happiness to attain which she has killed a good husband by an act that the law could not punish. Possibly, Mr. Besier felt that he could not pursue this aspect without coming to the great tragedy of remorse, "Rosmersholm," and causing Olive to confess voluntarily to Sir Charles; whilst avoiding this, he might have strengthened his play

from the ironical point of view by exhibiting Olive as more callous, more of a genuine murderess, and so giving greater poignancy to the fact that if she had not tried to suppress the letter her crime would not have been disclosed, and she would have got what she wanted. He is, of course, fully entitled to take the middle course, which, indeed, has some attraction of subtlety; but I think he has not made his attitude quite as clear as we might demand reasonably.

You may ask what the letter was. Well, it is worth while to go and see the play in order to find out. For "Olive Latimer's Husband" contains a strong story, and this all playgoers love;

also, it has amusing moments of clever humour; and it exhibits some well-drawn characters which are admirably acted. The dialogue is apt and strong, but contains none of the strivings after wit, of the verbal paradoxes, of the jokes led up to obviously, of which we have had rather a surfeit lately. The particular question of the painfulness to sensitive women of mercenary marriage is handled in it with some delicacy and much strength; it may be that mothers of the world with marriageable daughters had better leave the girls at home when they visit the piece, which they will find very interesting.

Perhaps the character which is the freshest and most cleverly drawn is that of Mr. Mapleson-Finch, the good-natured, stupid, selfish father of the heroine, who has not the least idea that he is acting ill in endeavouring to force his twenty-year-old daughter Doris into marriage with a vulgar, rich valetudinarian, who admits the age of fifty-five. Mr. Wilfred Draycott played the part



MR. RUDOLF BESIER'S NEW PLAY AT THE VAUDEVILLE: MR. LYN HARDING AS SIR CHARLES WEYBURN, AND MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL AS OLIVE LATIMER, IN "OLIVE LATIMER'S HUSBAND."

It will be remembered that Mr. Rudolf Besier is the author of "The Virgin Goddess," the drama in verse that was produced at the Adelphi by Mr. Oscar Asche and Miss Lily Brayton.

very cleverly, and really made a man of him—"a sort of man," no doubt. Olive is in the hands of Mrs. Patrick Campbell, for whom I confess that I have a weakness which may invalidate my judgment. In fact, her strenuous efforts as manager to produce drama of fine quality, the perfect beauty of some of her performances—such as *Melisande*, for instance—and the strange charm of her personality have given me a strong bias, in which, I should add—to my loss—there is no element of personal acquaintance. I notice that some have not found her Olive very impressive; to me it seemed altogether satisfying: she really represented that woman, that creature of great capacity for good turned by destiny to evil. Some of her moments were intensely fine, and if there was no tremendous scene it was because the play gave no legitimate chance for one. Mr. Besier's work not being a star drama. Mr. Lyn Harding acted very ably as the lover. Miss Elsie Chester played admirably the part of the negligent nurse. Mr. James Hearn was quite excellent as the doctor who thwarts Olive, while her mother and sister were well enough represented by Miss Helen Ferrers and Miss Dagmar Wiehe.

LADY URSULA AS HER YOUNGER BROTHER.



MISS EVELYN MILLARD AS LADY URSULA BARRINGTON IN "THE ADVENTURE OF LADY URSULA."

It will be recalled that when Lady Ursula visits Sir George Sylvester, to prevent his duel with her brother, she finds it necessary to wear that brother's clothes. "Lady Ursula," which has been revived at the Garrick, is to be transferred to the Criterion on the first of next month. Later, Miss Millard will produce Mr. Robert Hichens's "The Real Woman."

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.



By ERNEST A. BRYANT.

Sold! The disappearance of the Lady of the Cliff kindled detective zeal in many an honest man's breast. The enthusiasts are always spoiling for crime and mystery to solve. They must detect somebody or something, or burst. Two of them, clubmen, determined the other night to get to the bottom of a stock secret. One of their fellows declines to publish his address, and, once he leaves his club, no man knoweth of his goings-in or comings-out. Fired with their new-born desire to master the inscrutable, and further inspired by the prospect of winning a wager, the two bade good-night at the club to their fellow-member at two o'clock the other morning, then crept stealthily in his wake. He swung off West humming songs of a bygone day; they tiptoed in the rear. From street to street he passed, criss-crossing about Mayfair as if he were working out a pattern of elaborate design and imperial dimensions. They wondered and wearied, but clung on, diplomatically distant. At last, when the pink of dawn was in the sky, he darted up a passage. They bolted after, sure that here was the long-sought asylum. It was a cul-de-sac. At the end of it he turned, met them face to face, and genially murmured, "Looks like being a nice day, doesn't it?" And they knew then that throughout the long tramp he had been conscious of their following him.



THE HUMAN CARROT: A VEGETABLE THAT RESEMBLES
A DISMEMBERED HAND.

This fantastically shaped carrot grew on a Jersey farm.

Photograph by the P.-F. Press Bureau.

even more effective than the ways of the Rishton (Lancashire) Education Committee, where, a little while ago, a member appealed to the chairman, saying, as he pointed to the man sitting next him: "Do come and hold this man. My remarks are falling flat because he keeps tickling me."

Dogs of "a Sort of War."

The Paris police-dogs, which have been taken to drowning smugglers, are going a little beyond their business, though nobody seems much inclined to complain. In the good old days of sixty years ago, we had our doggy legions round the coast, not to drown smugglers, but to apprehend them, or at least give drowsy coastguards warning of the approach of the enemy and to prevent the latter from overpowering the guardians of law and order. The coastguard kennels had to be broken up because, for one reason, they became too popular. Every man on the coast had his doggy lot, with the result that at night superior officers, visiting stations, could not approach without imminent risk of being torn to pieces; while

the presence of so many dogs was a sufficient warning to smugglers to avoid the exact spot guarded by the four-footed sentinels.

The Bishop's Move.

The list of objections filed against the enthronement of the Archbishop of York must remind him of the fanciful pictures which Archbishop Benson used in whimsical moods to draw. He declared that in certain circumstances he would seize the principal agitators, and hang them at Lambeth out of the Palace windows. Second thoughts arriving, he would say—"But I dare say it will be the other way. I often have a vision of being hung on a scaffold in the road by Lollard's Tower—ever since a man whom I passed there shook his fist at me and said 'Yah!'" But possibly the action which would most appeal to the new Archbishop is that which the deceased Primate prescribed in anticipation of the Lincoln trial. "I have had a guillotine erected in the library," he said, "and the Bishop of Lincoln will come in, led by Sir Walter Phillimore, and lay his head down; it will be most affecting. And then the axe will fall; and I have arranged that it shall come down on Sir Walter's head instead of on the Bishop's, and the Bishop will rise and execute a fandango." It is only common justice to say that Sir Walter did not lose his head.



INTRODUCERS OF THE "TRIAL MARRIAGE" INTO
THE UNITED STATES.

These wards of America are members of a band of Igorottes now in the United States. They are married on trial, on the understanding that if they continue to like each other they will be legally married after a few months of the trial marriage. The idea of the trial marriage has caused a good deal of talk in America; some are for it, many more are against it.

Photograph by the P.-F. Press Bureau.



A HOUSE OF CARDS THAT
IS TALLER THAN A MAN.

Anyone who has tried to build a house of cards will appreciate the feat of the builder of this house—an erection of unusual height.

Photograph by Topical.

The Suffragettes, whom Lord Avebury has adequately characterised, have taught us some of the things we did not wish to know. Their sisters in Australia have their own method. Says the lady chairman at a women's meeting to a male interrupter: "If you don't be quiet I shall order a couple of women to put you out." An Antipodean chairman fells the first man who puts an interrogatory; then blandly inquires: "Would any other gentleman like to put a question?" But Rathdown guardians, after promising to pull each other's "long teeth," let fly with the paupers' porridge, and so stifle criticism. This is

Invincible Thrift.

As the Chancellor of the Exchequer is looking out for hen-roosts to ravage, one wonders whether he gathers quite all the eggs belonging of right to his own. For many of us who still remember Christmas-present buying can recall that at several West-End shops receipts for payment which should bear a postage-stamp lack that concession to the national exchequer. It seems that one gentleman, rich in experience as well as in this world's goods, develops the idea. He does not leave it to the chance that a client will not protest against the absence of a stamp from his settled bill. He gives no stamped receipt himself, and when paying takes due precaution. He pays by cheque, and encloses a covering note, saying, "Do not trouble to send a stamped receipt. By not doing so, you will save twopence. I deduct that amount from the sum due to you."

Pulling His Leg.

The members of the Rathdown Board of Guardians have added a new item to the catalogue of amenities of public debate. They had something to do to eclipse all records.

THE REST—IS SILENCE.



TORPID WALTER: Entered inter rest March forf, eighteen 'underd an' sixty-four. Why, so did I!
 BUSY 'ERBERT: Pinch yerself, silly. You ain't dead yet.
 TORPID WALTER: Corse not; that's the day I was born.

DRAWN BY G. K. STUDDY.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER

OF the many futile remarks which are made by critics, one of the most futile is that such or such a theme is not a "proper subject" for a novel or a play, or what not. I don't mean, of course, that I have no objection to indecent subjects being taken—that, I hope, goes without saying. But we are often told that a novelist or a playwright must not take any phase of madness or morbidity or abnormality at all for his theme, and that seems to me an arbitrary absurdity. Where are you going to draw the line? Unless you are to say that no character is eligible for a novel or a play who does not eat a hearty breakfast, walk ten miles every day, and sleep eight hours, you will find yourself puzzled for a dividing line; and even if you did say it, some abnormality would creep in: I know people who do all these things and are as mad as hatters. We are all mad, more or less, and morbid and abnormal. There is no such person as the absolutely normal, and if we were all normal where would be your novels and plays? Go to. It is like that other silly remark you hear from critics that some play is extremely amusing, but is not a play. What the dickens does it matter "so long as it's funny"?

The above paragraph was unconsciously supplied to me by somebody who remarked that Mr. Mallock's latest book, "An Immortal Soul," was not a good novel because it dealt with a case of double personality, and people with double personalities are diseased, or at least abnormal. Of course they are: at any rate, happily for humanity, they are extremely rare. As I have said, that is no objection; what is important is that the theme is fresh and original. (I am not breaking my rule about not giving away plots; I shall not disclose the course of the story, and it is impossible to discuss it at all without mentioning the subject.) So fresh and so striking is the theme that I cursed myself as I read for not having thought of writing a novel about it myself. It is, I had better add, quite different from a Jekyll-and-Hyde case, because there is no miraculous change of body and there is no memory of one state in the other. You may have read of many like cases in the late Mr. Myers's book on "Human Personality," and there is quite enough medical evidence in existence to make the theme "actual." Mr. Mallock has turned it to the uses of fiction with ingenuity and with striking effect. I doubt if he has got out of it all that was in it. He has denied himself—perhaps artistically, I am not sure—the tremendous effect he might have produced by making the change from one personality to the other take place in the presence of astonished witnesses. But he has written a strongly interesting and exciting novel.

Exciting, yes; and that is rather a new thing in a novel by Mr. Mallock. He is, perhaps, the most intellectual of our novelists—after Mr. Meredith—and one of the very few who are an answer to the foreign criticism that our contemporary imaginative literature seems to be written for boys and girls rather than for grown-up people. But I admit, for my small part, that I want something in a novel beside intellect—beside psychology and philosophical discussions. I want something exciting, whether in the way of comedy or serious emotion, and in "An Immortal Soul" I have got it; and I am more contented with that than with any other of Mr. Mallock's books I have read since "The New Republic." Even in this one he is too apt to delay the exciting interest while people argue at ease and at length; but one could not expect him to change his manner altogether.

Mr. Frankfort Moore has written a good book about certain eighteenth-century people which he calls "A Georgian Pageant" (Hutchinson and Co.) In the course of it he produces a fine vindication of Oliver Goldsmith against the charge of excessive vanity. You remember the story in Boswell? It relates how Goldsmith, looking out of a window while two pretty girls looked out of another in the same room, was exasperated because some passing soldiers looked at them and not at him. Truly, Boswell was very dull, or maliciously hoped his readers would be very dull, when he related this as a grave instance of vanity. It was clearly a joke of Goldsmith's to amuse the pretty girls, and told afterwards as an instance of his drollery. No doubt he had his foible of vanity, and made a joke of it against himself. Mr. Moore says that this ironical mode of humour is peculiarly Irish. It may be

but, Irish or not, it is very dangerous, as the story about Goldsmith shows. There are so many stupid people about, and so many unkind people who are only too delighted to repeat grave anything you say against yourself in jest. I know a man who has been seriously handicapped in life by a reputation for drinking too much, which he obtained entirely by boasting wonderful and quite imaginary powers in that direction to a teetotal acquaintance. And everybody knows how Disraeli was gravely accused of ridiculous pretentiousness because he apologised in fun for "the vanity of a landed proprietor." "I am serious: here comes a fool," is one of the wisest pieces ever uttered. It is easy to be "much too funny for this world," as an old song used to have it. Never make jokes against yourself. If you must talk of imaginary follies—and vice versa—attribute them to your friends.

N. O. L.



THE MAN WHO SOUGHT A NON-EXISTENT LAND: CAPTAIN EJNAR MIKKELSEN, AUTHOR OF "CONQUERING THE ARCTIC ICE."

Captain Mikkelsen set out in search of a tract of undiscovered land that was believed to exist north of Alaska and west of Bank's Land. He proved that this land did not exist. The explorer's book, "Conquering the Arctic Ice," has just been published by Mr. Heinemann.

Photograph by Dobbs.

GREAT BRITISH INDUSTRIES — DULY PROTECTED.



VII.—THE HALFPENNY-TESTING DEPARTMENT OF THE MINT.

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



ONCE, when Mr. A. E. Anson, who is playing in "Henry of Navarre" at the New Theatre, was in America as leading man to Miss Viola Allen in Mr. Clyde Fitch's play, "The Toast of the Town," he had the misfortune, owing to some misunderstanding in the rearrangement of some "business," to turn sharply, strike Miss Allen, and cut her lip slightly. As accidents of that sort are invariably taken up by some of the papers and magnified out of all semblance of truth, it was resolved to endeavour to keep this one secret. In spite of that, however, it leaked out, and a journalist called on Mr. Anson at his hotel to hear his version of the matter. Having been forewarned what to do, the actor would neither confirm nor deny the matter, and in spite of every attempt to pump him, he maintained a discreet silence. Determined not to be done out of his "copy," the journalist offered to publish anything Mr. Anson would tell him about himself, but received a reply that nothing of interest had ever happened to him. With this the journalist seemed about to depart, but suddenly he rose to the situation and said, "Since you can't tell me anything, I don't see why I shouldn't have that interview, anyhow." Mr. Anson remarked that he did not see how he could interview a man who had told him nothing. "Why, certainly I can," replied the journalist. "Just you give me a free hand, Mr. Anson, and I'll see that the goods are delivered." On that occasion the goods were not delivered, for Mr. Anson did not grant the desired permission.

Mr. Edward Sillward, who has played Nana in "Peter Pan" for who shall say how many times, once had an experience which was not only dramatic and ghastly in itself, but might have been rendered still more terrible by his being arrested on suspicion of having committed a murder, though the medical examination of the body would have undoubtedly demonstrated his innocence and caused his release. Some three or four years ago, he had arranged to meet two ladies at a certain London station, to go into the country to take part in a table-tennis tournament. He arrived early at the station, and got into a first-class compartment to wait for his friends. In the seat directly opposite to him he noticed a strange-looking man, with a ghastly white face and a newspaper spread on his knees, who persisted in staring at him with a vacant expression in his eyes. The blind on the man's side was pulled down, and as the day was unusually dull and the station dark, Mr. Sillward came to the conclusion that the man was either mad or had been drinking heavily. Thinking that it would be unpleasant for his friends to travel with such a companion, he left the compartment, no one having seen him get in or leave. He got into the next compartment, where the ladies joined him, and he told them about the man next door. Naturally, they expressed their relief at Mr. Sillward's forethought and that they were not to travel with so undesirable a companion. Meantime, the guard, passing down

the train, noticed blood trickling from the carriage. He got in and found that the man was neither drunk nor mad, but was dead, having committed suicide by shooting himself through the head just before Mr. Sillward had got into the carriage. It is unnecessary to add that both the ladies and Mr. Sillward were so upset by the incident that they did not win the tournament for which they were entered. That, however, was nothing compared with the actor's thankfulness that nobody had seen him coming out of the carriage in which the man had died.



"FACING" THE AUDIENCE: MR. HARRY TATE AS ABANAZAR IN "ALADDIN," AT THE ROYAL THEATRE, NEWCASTLE.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.



A DUCHESS'S COUSIN IN "HENRY V.": MR. ERIC STIRLING AS THE DUKE OF CLARENCE, AT THE LYRIC.

Mr. Stirling is a cousin of the Duchess of Newcastle. His present engagement in "Henry V." is his first.

Photograph by the Dover Street Studios.

Although "The Sands of Dee" has been withdrawn from the Hippodrome for some few weeks, to make room for "To-morrow," it has been continuing its run in Manchester and Liverpool, where Miss Ruth Maitland has been winning much success as the heroine. She continues to be the source of no little wonder on the part of the public at her pluck in withstanding the shock of being immersed twice a day in the water while the cold waves dash over her, and she runs a certain danger of being kicked by the horse when the hero cuts the rope with which she has been bound to the stake by the villain. These dangers, however, are nothing to the risk she once ran while rehearsing with a well-known management in one of the large provincial towns, for then she came within a hair's-breadth of being killed on the spot. The company was preparing a new play, one scene of which took place on the open veldt in South Africa. In the course of the action one of the actors had to fire a revolver at Miss Maitland. For three weeks the rehearsals had gone on without the revolver being used. Then the stage-manager determined that all the "properties" should be in the actors' hands. He therefore sent to a neighbouring gunsmith's and got a revolver. Without examining it, he handed it to the actor who had to use it. When the cue came, the actor aimed it at Miss Maitland and pulled the trigger. The report was accompanied by the unmistakable sound which a non-blank cartridge makes, while a hole in the scenery proved incontestably the presence of the bullet, which had gone within an inch or two of the actress's head. An examination of the weapon showed that it was fully loaded in all its six chambers.

An amusing illustration of the proverb "Listeners never hear any good of themselves" once happened to Mr. W. Teignmouth Shore, one of the authors of "Isaac's Wife," which was recently produced at the Court Theatre. It was at the time when "Weather or No," which he wrote in collaboration with Mr. Adrian Ross for the Savoy, had just been taken off. Mr. Shore was waiting with a friend at the entrance to the pit of that theatre, when someone standing in front of him remarked, "Thank heaven, that stupid rot 'Weather or No' is not on any longer!" What Mr. Shore probably felt can better be imagined than described by anyone other than himself.

THE SPORT THE BRITISH PUBLIC WILL ATTEND.



"THE ENGLISH ARE A SPORTING NATION!"

DRAWN BY H. M. BATEMAN.



A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

THE BUNCO SUBMARINE.

By ALBERT DORRINGTON.

THERE were twenty cases of pearl-shell to be transhipped from the store schooner to the ugly cargo tramp that squatted on the flanks of the company's luggers. A couple of whale-boats plied across the straits, dodging the skulking praus and trepang dredgers, until the last case was safely stowed in the tramp's after-hold.

A score of helmeted divers descended in batches from the steps of the luggers to the reef-strewn floor of the straits. The soft whining of air-pumps, the loud, unhealthy coughing of some lung-wasted diver broke the hot afternoon silence. From cape to coral-bank the straits seemed alive with wheeling sun-birds and slow-drifting craft.

A laughing Assamese boy, steering four Jap fishermen in a half-decked yawl, swung from the huddle of drifting junks, and lay abeam of the pearling fleet. In a flash, it seemed, their long lead sinkers were out, and their four schnapper lines whipped the water simultaneously.

Captain William Hayes was at that moment exhibiting several samples of black-lip pearl to a perspiring shell-buyer seated abaft the stifling deck-house. Leaning over the rail, he glanced darkly at the close-drifting yawl. "Don't fly your blamed hooks over my shell grounds," he said harshly. "These are licensed waters, Mr. Japan."

The Assamese boy held out his hand pleadingly. "You let us fish a little while, Cap'n. Poor Japanese boy no work get."

"Get work a gunshot or two from this lugger," nodded the white man. "Last month somebody's fishing-hook fouled an air-tube and suffocated a diver. Maybe you Shinto people fancy it's a derved fine joke."

The four Japanese fishermen remained mute as bronze images in the yawl. Save for the boy's anxious glance at the big white Captain above, they seemed unaware of his existence.

Hayes regarded them keenly as the tide drew them nearer and nearer the vessel's stern. "They'd climb aboard and loot the galley if I went ashore," he said to the astonished agent beside him. "They'd steal the lash off a crow's eyelid."

The Japs remained motionless; the schnapper lines twined about their fingers. Not once did they look up at the baying-voiced pearling Captain.

"Heard every word I said," he continued, "and they're digesting my meaning like ostriches." Turning to a group of shell-openers squatting for'd beside their heaps of rotting burley, he addressed them in a sharp undertone. One of them, a half-caste Burghis man, seized an unopened oyster and hurled it with boomerang force through the air. The edge of the shell struck the nearest Jap full on the chest; another followed that skated dangerously between their heads.

There came no sound of protest from the Japs; the man who bore the shell-scar on his breast yawned deliberately. Slowly, laboriously, it seemed, they heaved on their cumbersome oars until their tattered jigger and boomsail caught the failing slant of wind.

"You don't seem over-polite to visitors," ventured the agent when they had gone. "Were they really interfering with your divers?"

"Guess if you were losing five hundred dollars' worth of pearl a month, you'd think so. The Japs have a right, maybe, to sit on the spike-end of this continent and fish; but if they're going to stick their hooks into my air-tubes and smother innocent men in twenty fathoms of water, I'll uncover that machine-gun for'd. It hates Japs like poison."

"You really think that some of your divers are in league with the Japanese buyers?"

"Thinking won't stop a five-thousand-dollar gem sliding from a diver's hand to a purse at the end of a twenty-fathom line, Sir.

You've got to shoot at sight, and pursue your mental hallucinations afterwards. These Japs are rushing about the East like kids at a picnic," he went on huskily. "They're marking off things and places with pens and cameras, and they want to see how many gates have been left open."

The agent stayed aboard the schooner to be entertained by the gruff-voiced man named Hayes. The business of shell-sampling over, they sat in chairs under the double awning away from the oyster-heaps and listened to the babel of voices that drifted across the Straits of Torres. The north-west monsoon had fallen to a three-knot zephyr, and the thirty luggers belonging to the Queensland pearling fleet rolled in a half-moon formation on the eastern limit of the Vanderdecken Bank.

A champagne-cork popped under the awning; the scent of a cheroot rose like incense amid the offal that trails eternally in the wake of pearls. The wine mellowed Hayes, softened the blade-like edge of his overwrought mind until his laughter was heard by the Trepang fishers across the bay.

"The man who owns a pearl lagoon has got to sell his dignity and watch the skyline," he said after a pause. "I've been in the business for eighteen years, Sir, and I know a thief-schooner from a mission-boat. I bought a lagoon once, from an old German down in the Shoe Archipelago, that cost me six thousand dollars and my reputation as a Jap-killer."

"The Shoe Archipelago is a long way south of the Marquesas, but there were shellers who'd have gone to the ice-limit to put in a year's fishing at Eight Bells lagoon—that was the name I gave it. From reef to reef it was packed with golden-edge shell, little baby pearl the size of your thumb-nail, stuff that will tempt nine thieves out of ten into your waters. Golden-edge shell is slow to mature, and I thought it worth while to sit down and wait a year or so and give it time to grow."

"The old German who sold me the island had put up a notice stating that he'd gun the first poacher who took an oyster from the lagoon. So when the pearl-banks became my property, I reckoned that the printed notice had a claim on my ammunition."

"One afternoon, a schooner ripped into the passage and started to wind herself round the buoy. Before my mate, Bill Howe, could bring me my Sunday uniform, a couple of Japs put off in a dinghy and climbed up the steps to my trade-house verandah. Their names were written on ivory cards—Mati Hannikin and Sustu Ma. They gave me to understand that they were graduates from the Tokio University."

"Then they bowed and showed me the diamonds on their fingers. I was considerably impressed. It takes three generations, they say, to make a gentleman. I reckoned by the way they kowtowed that their forebears had been practising bowing since Columbus first pointed the way to Chicago."

"Their business was in a nutshell. They had with them the skeleton of a submarine designed and thought out by themselves. It was an improvement on the old French type, and capable of destroying the largest battle-ship afloat. Its construction was begun in the United States, but, as the model grew, they discovered that their ideas were being assimilated by local experts. When you consider that three European Governments are willing to pay an immense sum for a reliable navy-smasher, it seemed worth their while to quit the States and complete the submarine in England."

"Arriving at Liverpool, they learned that two American torpedo-agents were on their heels. Not caring to begin work, they postponed all further trials until the coast was clear. But the agents were painfully early risers, and dogged their movements night and day. To have started experimenting on the open beaches and rivers of England would have been like handing their brains to a foreign torpedo-trust. They got scared, and finally hired a schooner

(Continued overleaf.)

A NOSE BY ANY OTHER NAME—



THE MASTER: Now, can you tell me what the olfactory organ is?
THE BOY: Please, Sir, no, Sir.
THE MASTER: Quite right.

DRAWN BY PHILIP BAYNES.

that brought them and their submarine to the South Seas, where the design-snatchers could be dealt with if they ventured within a hundred-mile radius.

"The Jap inventors wanted the run of a lagoon where stores and food could be had. And they were willing to pay handsomely. I told 'em that the island was mine—beach, palm-trees, trade-house, and lagoon, and that there wasn't a nigger in the South Pacific game to raffle a handful of beads without my permission.

"We lubricated extensively, to each other's internal satisfaction. We also smiled.

"I was to be a partner in the submarine speculation. A reliable submarine is an investment that shoots half-a-million into a man's lap. He is dollar-swamped, and his life is full of music and Press notices. I was positive that the Japs' invention was a work of genius. I mightn't know a 12-inch gun from a gaspipe, but you could back horses on my instincts when it came to drawing up an agreement.

"I stood hand on hip while the war-splitting machine was landed at the foot of the trade-house. The deeds of partnership had been fixed up; it was a concave agreement, with the bulge in my direction. I showed them Eight Bells lagoon and the sky above it; I asked them if it would suit their submarine.

"After sizing it all round they said it would fit them to a yard.

"Before dinner we rowed across the lagoon in my whale-boat. I was mum about the golden-edge spat lying on the floor. Couldn't see how it would interfere with submarine practice. Then I examined their credentials and found 'em clean as a British Ambassador's. Putting one thing with another, I hailed myself partner in a spec. that would pull out on the sunny side of 20,000 dollars.

"I offered them quarters in the trade-house, but they were satisfied to stay aboard their own schooner at night. Next day out comes the submarine for practice and alterations. It was painted drab, with a big brass muzzle on its concussion parts.

"Seemed rather big in the beam for a pace-maker, but Mati Hannikin explained that submarine warfare was only in its infancy. In five years he intended to patent a rubber tube that would streak through the Atlantic like a bank operator with a policeman in his wake.

"My mate, Bill Howe, didn't like the submarine. He reckoned that fowls were the only safe investment for a man like me. Bill wouldn't listen to reason. He inferred that men who played water-polo with gun-cotton and cordite came to a bad end. Bill proved for two hours that I didn't know enough about war to build a mangle.

"Putting aside my hurt feelings, I explained that when a brass-mounted, double-indexed submarine walked into Eight Bells lagoon it became my property.

"Bill admitted thoughtfully that he hadn't seen the matter in that light. 'Still,' says he, 'the blamed submarine looks like the broken end of a garbage-destructor.'

"We allowed the matter to drop until the fifth night, when the Japs started manœuvring their submarine against wind and tide. Bill rushed into the trade-room like a spring-heeled rooster looking for fight.

"That war-machine's making its fortune across the lagoon, Cap'n,' says he.

"Doing submarine work,' says I.

"With your golden-edged shell,' says he. 'They've lifted and scraped together half-a-ton of pearl an' packed it away aboard the schooner. By the time they've done with the lagoon there won't be enough shell left to cover a dinner-plate.'

"You mean,' says I, 'that they're loading that barrel-shaped thief-machine with my golden-edge pearl?'

"An' manœuvrin', Cap'n.'

"I guess my intellect was off the grass when it allowed a couple of Shinto greasers and a patent diving-machine into a lagoon that was packed to the shore-line with finest mother-o'-pearl; and the schooner shipping the stuff as fast as they could load her.

"Bill asked me to keep calm. 'Talk sense, and bring out the cartridges,' says I.

"Then an idea floated into my head; and after I'd rubbed it's edges and smoothed it into shape, I commanded Bill to kill a pig. 'Cut it into a dozen pieces and scatter it about the lagoon entrance,' says I.

"What for?' says Bill.

"It will bring up my bull pups. You watch the pearling industry by-and-by, Bill.

"There was an old hog in the compound of no particular account. Bill walked round it with an axe and got in first blow before the hog could strike an attitude. We spent two hours cutting it up and scattering it in the deep water at the lagoon mouth. Then Bill heaved the hog's head and feet astern of the Jap's submarine.

"It was hard at work on the edge of the shell-spat, moving here and there as the 'skin' divers worked the shallow floor. 'Great Scott!' says I, 'they're sprinters at the game.'

"I could feel that the big-barrelled machine was glutted with my golden-edged pearl. It was more like a hollow bathing-house when it opened out, and I could hear the clatter of the shell inside as the divers spilled it from their loaded baskets into the receiver.

"I guess these people have been working the game for the

last ten years,' says I to Bill. 'But wait till my bulldogs come in. Gilbert and Sullivan's operas won't be in it.'

"We had a whisky each. Then Bill clawed the air and theorised about letting off his gun. Up to the third whisky he kept to the point; after that he talked hyperbole and frivolity.

"You ain't the man you was, Bully,' says he bitterly.

"Fighting is sinful,' says I, 'when you can pawn and dislocate your enemy without getting out of bed, William.'

"We walked round the lagoon, keeping well in the shadow of the woods. The moon was up, and the water leaped and gurgled over the reefs as the tide crawled in. Bill held my arm and pointed to a hundred ghost-lights flashing from the ocean into the lagoon.

"The bull dogs,' says I.

"The blood-scent had fetched 'em from the north and south—big, grey-backed sharks, thirteen feet long. You could see and hear them moving in droves across the lagoon.

"The pig did it,' Bill looked at the sharks and chuckled.

"It was a noble thought,' says I. 'A better man would have covered it with patent rights an hour ago.'

"We heard a scream; there's no escaping the yells of a 'skin' diver when a thirteen-foot shark mistakes him for an elongated prawn.

"Next moment we saw the two Japs astride the submarine, waving their knives at the frothing water around them.

"One of 'em bitten on the foot,' says I. 'We'll measure him for a pair of crutches later on.'

"The schooner's dinghy will be round by-and-by to see what's the matter,' says Bill.

"Depends on our shooting,' says I.

"The two Japs astride the submarine saw us in the moonlight. One of 'em stood up and waved his arms.

"Anything wrong?' says I.

"A slight miscalculation,' says he. 'The hob-nosed twiner has become entangled in the Aaron-Johnson adjudicator. A three-inch whelp-incinerator will neutralise the poisonous expulsions.' He waved his arms cheerfully at me and Bill.

"Rub with gasolene,' says I, 'and wire results.'

"I was cool; my temperature would have surprised a thermometer. It occurred to me and Bill that the Japs were collecting their feelings. You could have repaired a broken ice-house with their faces.

"Gentlemen, I mistook your machine for a Panama Canal excavator,' says I. 'Be calm; don't let me hurry you.'

"Bill said my speech would have put a Fenian into Parliament. The Japs looked hurt. Mati unscrewed the top of a man-hole and slipped into the shell-collector.

"Funk,' says Bill.

"Triple expansion of the nerves. Gone below to suicide with the oyster-opener,' says I.

"The other Jap, astride of the machine, seemed to be watching the fleet of grey-backed sharks swarming around. The lagoon was alive with 'em. One big fellow with a shovel-snout looked at the straddling Jap like a hungry policeman shepherding a pie.

"The Jap inside the machine bobbed his head through the man-hole and heaved a piece of raw meat into the water. About two hundred full-grown sharks closed round it and fought for ten seconds in a solid heap, turning, rolling, and snapping at each other like tigers.

"The Jap at the man-hole disappeared like a nigger falling through a pulpit.

"Goin' to measure himself for a new lightnin'-conductor,' says Bill. 'I counted the sparks in his eyes.'

"He moved greasily,' I put in, 'and not without a certain elegance of manner.'

"We saw a sky-coloured light jolt from the stern window of the machine. It licked the floor of the lagoon and whitened the top. Two seconds later the water bulged and drew itself together as though the submarine had given it a headache. Up and up it heaved, high as a schooner's mainyard, and then the blamed thing split in nine places. Whoost! Bang!

"Sand mud, and shell ripped the air. The lagoon shook as if it had swallowed a ton of gun-cotton. A big, wet, smelly fish whipped Bill's face. A pair of sharks were blown to the roof of the trade-house, knocking the flag-pole endways.

"Banzai!' said the Jap at the man-hole. 'What you think of that, Bully Hayes?'

"Considered as a side-show it beats whaling or football,' says I. 'Why not put your water-elevator on the market; it would sell in thousands as a pick-me-up.'

"It would go well with soft drinks,' says Bill, wiping a dead fish from his eye.

"The Jap at the man-hole promised to consider my proposal at an early date. Then he asked if we had any more sharks to spare. 'There were several floating round that looked hurt an' tired,' he said.

"I followed Bill back to the trade-house. Nothing that had any bearing on the Japanese submarine was left unsaid. At sun-up Bill complained bitterly about the smell of dead shark on the roof.

"It's the only derved thing they've left us,' says he.

"But he had to admit that the machine was no fly-trap."

THE END.

WORLD'S WHISPERS

PARIS may or may not be gay to the general, but it is found wanting to the particular, and not a few Frenchwomen sigh for the freer air, and, say they, more cultivated society of London. The Comtesse de Noailles is, it is hoped by several of her English friends, to come to live in London, where her wit, if not all her verse, will survive translation; for she herself, an excellent English scholar, would be the translator. She is already in this city—a lady of marble at the New Gallery. But even in that cold and dumb medium her vivacity is extraordinary, and it must seem foolish to all who know her that M. Rodin should have thought to disguise his sitter's identity by calling her "Minerve Archaïque." It will not be out of antiquity, but from one of the nicest houses in the Avenue Henri-Martin, that she will come to the higher civilisation of this city.

Packed in Cannes. Cannes is packed with people, as a tin with sardines; but more people come each day, and there is as much room as when Lord Brougham first found the village of a single street and a solitary inn, kept by one Pinchinet, and visited by no other English visitor besides himself. He promptly made a joke—of sorts—calling his new Pinchemhard; but he did better—he also named Cannes. He built the first villa, and brought friends. Grasse is growing with like rapidity: Lord de la Warr, who has a quick eye for the possibilities of holiday resorts, alighted there some time ago. For Bexhill may pall, even to its owner, and the violets of Grasse are no poor exchange for the sea-shells peculiar to Bexhill.

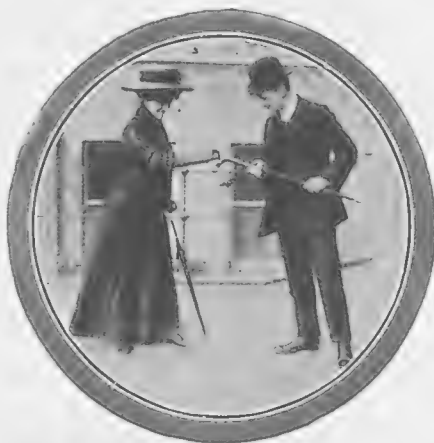
A Bridge of Sighs. "I am sick of the name of Bridge," sighs Sir Frederick of that ilk. And his nausea proceeds from the similarity between his patronymic and the name of a game that he loathes. If people say, "Let us play Mozart," everybody knows what to expect; but when people say, "Let us play Bridge," the eminent musician is quite out of the game. Perhaps the great Duke did not care much for the boot that bore his name; nor did it delight the equally great Sir Robert to have policemen called "bobbies" and "peelers." Mr. Gladstone was never seen with a Gladstone bag, and the Hansom family, I am assured, prefer a motor-car to the gondola of London, which bears their name, that of its inventor.

Embracery. Embracery is a crime of which the definition is not that which comes to the tip of the tongue, or the lips—on account of the smack that belongs to the word. It is, in reality, the dull and



EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY HUNTING-DRESS AS A COSTUME FOR TWENTIETH-CENTURY BRIDESMAIDS.

Our photograph shows the bridesmaids who held office at the wedding a few days ago of Miss Mary Froude Bellew and Captain H. E. Norton.—[Photograph by Topical.]



AN UMBRELLA-AS A MONEY-BOX- COLLECTING FOR THE LONDON HOSPITAL.

The London Hospital has hit upon a new method of collecting money. The authorities have had made about one hundred umbrellas and walking-sticks, with slots in them through which money can be slipped. Each stick or umbrella will hold a considerable number of sixpences or half-sovereigns, and most members of the staff have had one given to them. Coins placed in the slot fall to the bottom of the handle.

Photograph by Hamilton and Co.



A COUNTESS AS A "SANDWICH-MAN": THE COUNTESS DE ROSEMONDE (X) IN THE STREETS OF PARIS.

The Countess is walking the Paris Boulevards, in company with others, carrying a banner advertising "L'Euvre." According to her own statement, she is the Countess de Rosemonde (born Chabot de Lussay), and having found it necessary to support herself, has taken to the trade of "sandwich-man." She is paid 3s. 6d. a day.

Photograph by the World's Graphic Press.

unnatural offence of corruptly influencing a jury; but the august committee of an important ladies' club may well give to the term a gentler significance. A member of this club accepted a suitor over a cup of tea, and the engagement, thus happily formed, was, not unnaturally, sealed. It seems rather hard that for this crime of embracery the lady was asked to resign.

Clearing at Clonsilla.

Lord Annaly, M.F.H. to the Pytchley, does

not, like some riders to hounds, always stow away a poetry-book about his person or his saddle. In fact, his books are even now too many for him, and he is disposing of them as best he may. But lordly libraries do not always fetch lordly prices, and the Amherst sale led to great expectations that have been by no means fulfilled. But if the volumes from Clonsilla cost the buyers at Sotheby's the other day few pounds; their loss caused Lord Annaly still fewer pangs, and there is the comfort of knowing that the Amherst tragedy will not be repeated.

The Advance Guard.

Lord Ventry, who kept his eighty-first birthday the other day, is becoming one of the grand Old Guard of humanity. It was Oliver Wendell Holmes who delicately called attention to the comforting functions unconsciously discharged by the nation's cohort of aged men. All the young men in their sixties and seventies look at them and smile, for they reassure themselves by reflecting that the Scytheman must pass these outposts ere he can get a slash at themselves. Before we are twenty-one, we get birthday congratulations for our own sakes; but after we are eighty, for the sake of those who offer them.

The Laugh that Failed.

The professed humourist is often a very sedate gentleman at home; and there are households where even the gaiety of the nursery is suppressed one day a week,

lest papa should be disturbed in composing the jokes that are to add to the gaiety of nations. But Arthur à Beckett was a jester who loved his jest and lived it—and died it. Almost his last speech as he lay on his death-bed in St. Thomas's Home will surely be considered worth a record among the brave sayings of Christendom: "I am really laughing, though you don't know it, because I cannot move the muscles of my face." The friend to whom he spoke wished at that moment for a similar immobility. But it was not laughter that he wanted to conceal.

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It is anticipated the whole of the above New Block will be ready for occupation during the coming Spring Season.



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SPARES AVAILABLE FOR ALL MERCEDES—NEWSPAPER LEGISLATION: THE FELON MOTORIST—THE MOTOR CAR V. DAVOS PLATZ—
OLYMPIA SHOW, 1909: A CERTAINTY—COMFORT ON THE FRONT SEAT.

IT will assuredly interest the users of Mercedes cars in this country—and they must be very numerous—to learn that Messrs. Milnes-Daimler, of Tottenham Court Road, who are the direct representatives of the Daimler-Motoren Gesellschaft here, are stocking, and will continue to stock, practically any spare part or replacement for any of the various types of Mercedes cars constructed since the earliest days, although it would hardly be necessary to go further back than the 6-h.p., two-cylinder, tube-ignited car which the Hon. Evelyn Ellis brought into this country before 1896. Nevertheless, there are still a good many of these old Daimler cars running about; indeed, I believe I saw, only the other day, a few miles out of London, that very full-bustled, covered vehicle in which Mr. Harry Lawson journeyed, with others, to Brighton on Emancipation Day, Nov. 14, 1896. There was much difference between this quaint, ungainly-looking vehicle and the 40-h.p. Mercedes brought over some years later by Lord Northcliffe, which, when shown in the Annexe at the Agricultural Hall, was thought to be, and indeed was up to that moment, the last word in automobiles. It is gratifying to think that spares can still be had for all these cars, and it would be interesting to contrast the Harmsworth car with the very latest 45-h.p. Mercedes which Mr. H. G. Bedford will have at the North British Hotel, Edinburgh, during the period of the Scottish Show.

Let us all pray to be saved from panic legislation by newspaper. It is but a few days since an evening daily burst out with a revised version of the Motor Car Act of 1903, a version which has suggested revision of a character clearly calculated to render motoring as dead as a herring. There was much flourishing of trumpets concerning the abolition of a speed-limit to which to-day no magistrate or law lord or law-maker who motors pays any regard, when driving in excess thereof can be done with safety and outside a police-trap. In return for the abolition of this limit, the fate of the motorist was to reside in the estimation of two or three (probably) totally unqualified witnesses as to what is or what is not driving to the danger of the public, the punishments for such offence being increased to a maximum fine of £50, or imprisonment for a term of twelve months. Imagine the position of the motorist who drives his own car for pleasure, has business cares and responsibilities on his shoulders, at the mercy of promotion-hunting policemen, prejudiced witnesses, and equally prejudiced Benches. The revision of the present sufficiently draconic Act in the manner suggested by the newspaper legislators would sound the death-knell of the motor industry.

If every patient suffering from lung complaint can be made

susceptible to the cure which has worked such wonders for Mr. Leycester Barwell, then the occupation—or rather, the uses—of such expensive health resorts as Davos Platz are gone. In future such invalids will just buy a motor-car, and drive themselves about in the open air of these islands until a cure is effected. Mr. Barwell recites how he broke down in 1901, and spent two winters at Davos. During the latter part of his stay he fell again a victim, this time to motor mania, and being regarded as a hopeless case by the doctor, was sent home. Subsequently he obtained a motor-car, and between Aug. 1, 1903, and Dec. 31, 1908, drove it—a 12-h.p. Clement-Talbot—46,298 miles. Mr. Barwell also came into possession of a 24-h.p. Leon Bollée on June 1, 1905, and by Dec. 1, 1908, had driven that car 22,469 miles. What Davos Platz could not do for him, motoring has done.

Notwithstanding the blandishments of a deputation of the French motor-car manufacturers who crossed the Channel the other day to confer with the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders, the Motor Exhibition will be held as usual in November next at Olympia. For some reason best known to themselves, our French friends imagined that their interests would be best served by the cessation of their own show. They realised, however, that to drop their exhibition while we continued to hold ours would aid more than ever in making London—as, indeed, it has already become—the automobile market of the world, and so they endeavoured to persuade us to shut down. But the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders have both eyes lifted, and did not yield. A man is seldom a prophet in his own country, and it is some four or five years since Mr. S. F. Edge asserted that London would become the automobile-buying centre of the world.

Nothing more is required to make the front seat of an open car as comfortable, or nearly as comfortable, in bad weather as though enclosed than high side doors—as high as the side panels of the body—a properly designed and raked fitted-screen, and a cocoanut mat fitted to the foot-board. In the matter of the wind-screen, this should be in two folding halves, the angles of both being adjustable to any desired degree, and the hinged division coming so far backward and over the steering-wheel as to bring the glazed upper panel as close as possible to the faces of the occupants of the front seat. The closer this is, within reason, the less the back draught—if, indeed, it is not thrown quite clear of the passengers. If a Cape-cart hood is used, there should be a wind-excluding flap depending from the hood to buckle on to the upper edge of the wind-screen; then, with the side curtains of the hood well forward, the occupants of the front seat will be quite warm and snug.



THE NEW CLERK OF THE COURSE AT BROOKLANDS: MAJOR LLOYD IN HIS TIMING-BOX WATCHING A SPEED TEST.

Major Lloyd, who succeeded Mr. Rodakowski, who recently resigned, started his new work last week.—[Photograph by Topical.]



ADVERTISING A SUCCESS OR A FAILURE?—THE POSTER FOR THE MONTE CARLO AEROPLANE MEETING.

It was arranged to open the meeting on the 24th, the idea being to run competitions for two months. At the moment of writing, it would appear that few, if any, of the more famous aeronauts will compete, save, perhaps, M. Delagrè. It is to be hoped, however, that the affair will prove a success. Should it do so, it is likely to provide some sensations.—[Photograph by Branger.]



SPRING HANDICAPS—TRAINING—GOOD PRIZES.

AS the weights for the spring handicaps will be published during the next few days, it is useless to dive deeply into the matter of probable winners. At the same time, it may be interesting to note that several horses have been backed on the

Continent, so that speculators are not afraid. As a matter of course, Kaffir Chief and Longcroft, who finished first and second for the Lincoln Handicap last year, are again inquired after for this year's race. The first-named cut up badly on the last day of the Manchester November Meeting, but he had a prohibitive weight to carry. However, he looked fit, and it is said that he has wintered well. Longcroft has been under a cloud for some time, but he is now sound once more, and has been doing strong work at Michel Grove. He is a very fast horse over a mile, and, if not overweighted, is bound to be there or thereabouts. One animal everybody has been waiting for is Poor Boy, who won a trial with Menu last back-end. When at his best he is a smasher, and if he does not win at Lincoln he should be followed for future events. Sam Loates has been busy with Mercutio, who will come to hand early, and, if he can stay the distance, he may go close. The horses that have been backed for the Grand National include Mattie Macgregor, who was second last

the work completely, and these have to meet at the post-office and hand in their several reports which go to make up the daily budget. Further, when the flat-racing season begins, the departures have to be quickly noted, and here I may say that in a thirty years' experience I have hardly ever known a Newmarket tout to make a mistake when telegraphing a list of horses left for the seat of war. Further, it is due to the telegraphic operators to add that they spare no pains to write the horses' names correctly on the flimsies, and if the reporter slips, the operator queries the error at once.

It is really astonishing to notice the number of big prizes offered for steeplechases and hurdle-races to be decided in the near future, and any owner with a moderate steeple-chaser or hurdle-racer should make sure of capturing a few hundreds in prize-money, with a bit of luck thrown in. One of the causes of the poor racing that we saw at the wind-up of the Old Year was the very poor betting that takes place at many of the meetings. The professionals find that it is useless to stand up at some of the fixtures, so they take themselves off to the Sunny South, leaving the little



A SPORTING BLACKSMITH: JOHN BRYANT, EARTH-STOPPER TO THE SOUTH DEVON FOXHOUNDS, BELL-RINGER, AND CHORISTER.

John Bryant, a blacksmith, has been earth-stopper to the South Devon Foxhounds for over twenty years, and for over twice that period has been bellringer and a chorister at Berry Pomeroy Church.

Photograph by the Fleet Agency.



WEARER OF THE MANTLE OF OLD TOM MORRIS: CHARLIE HUNTER, GREEN-KEEPER AT PRESTWICK.

Charlie Hunter, the veteran green-keeper upon whom has fallen the mantle of the late Tom Morris, is a great favourite at Prestwick, and does all he can to keep his famous predecessor fresh in the memory of players.

Photograph by the Fleet Agency.

year; Mount Prospect's Fortune, a fine 'chaser; Leinster, a horse that is very likely to go close if sound; and Ascetic's Silver, a past winner of the race. It is said that Cackler will be the best of Mr. Assheton-Smith's lot; while rumour has it that Pat Cullinan will represent Hartigan's stable in the race.

Already horses are in good work at the various training establishments, and the touts are busily engaged getting used to the two-year-olds by sight. When we bear in mind that at Newmarket alone there are over one thousand young horses that up to now are utterly unknown to the horse-watchers, it will be readily guessed what these men have to go through in trying to "spot 'em with their rugs on." Readers who scan the training reports in the sporting papers little dream of the work that has been gone through to compile a table of the day's gallops at, say, the headquarters of the Turf. As miles of ground have to be covered, at least nine men are required to do



SUFFRAGETTES OF THE FUTURE? LADIES LEARNING TO BOX.

Boxing for ladies is becoming popular, and in Germany especially there are a number of schools in which ladies are taught the "noble art."

Photograph by Tapiral.

layers to trade on pinched prices, with the result that owners keep their horses in their stables. However, the time is fast approaching when owners will be able to back their fancies for any reasonable amount, and it is to be hoped that fields will be larger and representative. I do wish the National Hunt Committee would devise some scheme under which all horses arriving at the scene of action could be made to run for their engagements. Under existing conditions it is no uncommon thing to see three or four animals parading the paddock, none of whom are allowed to run in their races. This is especially the case in selling races, and if it were possible to adopt the French plan and make a rule that any horse entered in a selling race could be claimed to run for the fund, the annoying state of affairs that would be backers have to face now would be prevented.

CAPTAIN COE.

Captain Coe's "Monday Tips" will be found on our "City Notes" page.



By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

The Doctor on the Stage.

We have waited for the first decade of the twentieth century for the doctor to appear on the stage, not merely in his useful professional capacity, but in the rôle of what the Germans call *Erster Liebhaber*. Up to now he was (theatrically) associated with opiates and operations; he was either intensely serious or merely grotesque, a messenger of death or a pantaloon. But quite recently, both Mr. Somerset Maugham and Mr. Rudolf Besier have made their lovers medical men by profession, and considering the enormous part played in modern social life by the physician and surgeon, and the unique opportunities he enjoys for the display of his fascinations, as well as of his professional talent, it is a wonder our modern dramatists have not availed themselves of the type of medical amorist before. Perhaps it was chiefly Dickens who disposed of the pretensions of the young doctor for the *beau rôle* in comedy, for by no effort of the imagination could the immortal Bob Sawyer be transformed into a lady-killer—except, of course, in a strictly professional sense. Even in Mr. Bernard Shaw's comedy, the doctors displayed only their medical idiosyncrasies, and the one who was enamoured of the heroine, though famous and ardent, had no luck whatever with the Fair. And yet, why not? Everyone knows London doctors who have as many successes as Guardsmen, and who are as sought after as actor-managers or magnates of finance. And now the turn of the medicine man has come, and Science may be said to have brought them into the front rank of modern life and its complexities.

Our Melomaniacs.

The English are often hastily described as an unmusical people, and that generalisation may be true of the mass; but nowhere in the world can you find so many Society melomaniacs who are willing to pay with their person to the extent of going without dinner to hear the "Rhinegold" or "Valkyrie," or to hasten by luxurious trains to the other ends of Europe to assist at the first night of a new opera. This very week London will be denuded of many of its musical dilettante, who will be in cold and distant Dresden for the much-trumpeted Strauss week. Many worthy citizens are under the impression that Herr Richard Strauss is a composer of spirited Viennese waltzes—the "Beautiful Blue Danube" for choice—but the true inwardness of this modern German Master, who has succeeded in out-Wagnering Wagner, can only be appreciated by those who have read that "musical" novel, "La Révolte" by Romain Rolland. Herein may be seen a somewhat cruel sketch of a famous modern composer named Hassler, said by experts to be no less a personage than the musician whose "Elektra," "Salome," and other works are to be given a festival week to themselves at the Royal Opera House in Dresden.

Long Live the Fairies.

Believers in apparitions, the occult, and the supernatural usually get very angry with those duller-eyed people who do not, and this is an unreasonable proceeding, for it must be infinitely diverting to see fairies, and not a little thrilling to get authentic messages from the Beyond.

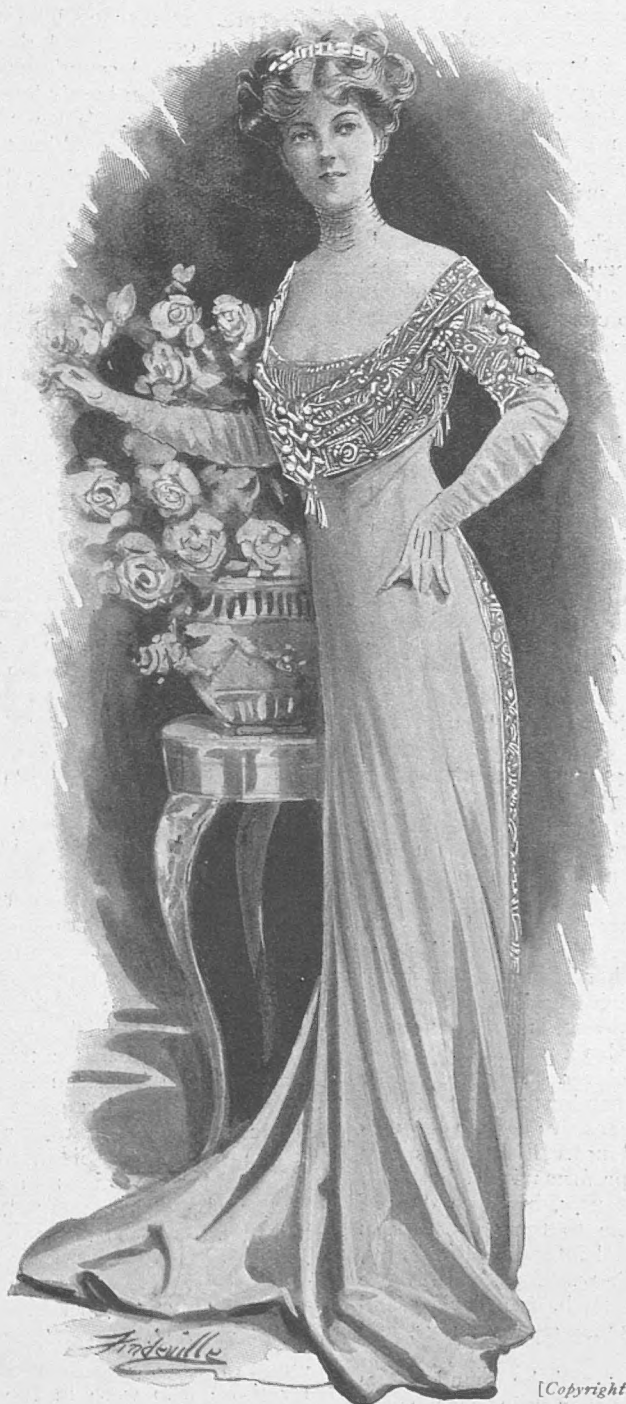
Lady Archibald Campbell is a true Gael in this respect, and she has recently declared in the *Occult Review* that she has converse in her turret-chamber with one of the Little People—a tiny Highlander who announced himself as "A well-wisher of the family of Argyll." Brownies, she says, are benign and helpful folk, who attach themselves to particular families. Thus, "the Brownie at Largie in Argyllshire is treated by the owner, Morton of Largie, with honour and respect. He inhabits a locked room, which is furnished, and has a cup and saucer to himself." Once, to my own knowledge, a Brownie strayed to London, and used to frequent the upper rooms of a house tenanted by the late Sir Benjamin Richardson, the famous doctor, whose children were frightened out of their wits when they occasionally saw him. In spite of Lady Archibald's praise, I fancy Brownies ought not to be encouraged about the house, for, like marmosets and squirrels, they are apt to be mischievous. Possibly the famous secret of Glamis Castle is connected with some ugly, malevolent specimen of the genus gnome. Personally, I should require a fairy to present herself before me with gauzy wings and a blade of grass for wand. For a fairy, like a Black Rod or a Gold-Stick-in-Waiting, must have a wand to keep up her dignity, and I would not give twopence, moreover, for one who was not small enough to sit comfortably on a toadstool.

The Manners of the Don.

Some middle-aged graduate of—let us say—

Oxbridge, has ventured back to that seat of learning and "rags," and written down his impressions thereof in the Oxford and Cambridge magazine. The writer candidly admits that he finds the Donnish attitude intolerable. It comes, he thinks, from instructing the young man of twenty year in year out, and is altogether unsuitable for use with mature persons from the outside world who are not obliged to be in college at nine-thirty of the clock. And, honestly, it must be owned that 'Varsity manners are apt to be either pedantic or tempestuous: so divergent

are the two attitudes that it is almost inconceivable that a light-hearted undergraduate could ever evolve into a priggish Fellow of a College. Yet such things happen. Moreover, the manners of the Don are largely the fault of the ladies at both Universities. From rosy dawn to dewy eve the Oxbridge wives and daughters swing censers before their menkind; and, having no saving sense of humour themselves, fail to apply this wholesome corrective to the dwellers in the inner shrine. Hence the fact that the Don is apt to be dictatorial and detached from human society.



[Copyright.]

AN EVENING DRESS OF QUICKSILVER-GREY SATIN CHARMEUSE, IN THE EMPIRE STYLE.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-About-Town" page.)

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN.

THE Duchess of Orleans is a foreigner who is keenly appreciating the performances of the "Ring" at the Opera House. She has been present at each, delightfully and quietly dressed. She is herself an artist of great ability. Some of her paintings, including a fine altar-piece in the little chapel in the grounds at Wood Norton, are notable works. She arranges the music for the services, and she selected that for the Nuptial Mass following the wedding of Prince and Princess Charles of Bourbon last winter at the Duke's home in Worcestershire. Prince Francis of Teck and Countess de Grey are other enthusiasts who have heard the first Cycle of the "Ring." Mr. and Mrs. Winston Churchill, Mr. John and Lady Gwendoline Churchill, and Mrs. George Cornwallis West made a family party who seemed absorbed in the music. There was rather a smarter audience for "Madame Butterfly" as regards dress. Lord Ingestre was accompanied by his pretty wife in sparkling black attire. Lady Alwyne Compton was also stylefully attired in black. Lady Evelyn Guinness looked lovely in bright green. Lady Blanche Conyngham was in black and white.

In all the season of bargains there is nothing that appeals so surely to every woman who knows her way about in getting excellent value as the Great White Sale of Messrs. D. H. Evans. It opened on Monday last, and goes on for a fortnight from that date. This time it is extraordinarily advantageous to purchasers; for several reasons the firm have decided to make it so, and I believe that people who patronise it will have ample reason to congratulate themselves on so doing. It is a unique sale, having started fourteen years ago on the lines of that at the Bon Marché in Paris. There is an amount of forethought and organisation about it not generally recognised. Preparations for it are in full swing nine months in advance, when fine workers in Ireland, France, and Belgium are engaged on making for this sale in their slack time. In Ireland the Company, who are the pioneers of the underclothing trade in connection with home industries, have hundreds of workers; while in France and Belgium work is given out to convents through the headquarters of Messrs. D. H. Evans in Paris, 25, Rue d'Hauteville. A further advantage to purchasers is that the best Parisian models are secured and faithfully copied in dozens upon dozens for this great opportunity.

So much, briefly, for the reasons for the unique position of Messrs. D. H. Evans' Great White Sale. As to the bargains to be obtained at it, I can do no more than indicate a few. Imagine nighties, finely tucked by hand, dainty, and even inserted with real lace and embroidered, at 6s. 11d. There are some at 3s. 11d., trimmed with broderie Anglaise, that are fairly astonishing. They are sixty inches long, full, and really well made. As for nighties so for all other underclothing. Everything is of the latest model, hand-made, of Horrockses' long-cloth or fine lawns, trimmed with real lace, hand embroidery, or broderie Anglaise, at prices which in no way represent their value. There are dozens of different patterns of all this underclothing, and so enormous has been the preparation that the stock will outlast the greatest rushes of the sale time. There are French underskirts and Irish ones made from French models from 4s. 10½d., with real lace trimming and hand embroidery, broderie Anglaise trimmed skirts at 5s. 10d.; white sunray-pleated all-silk skirts, for Directoire dresses, are sold for 15s. 11d.; and of white taffeta at 16s. 6d. In the linen, lace, gloves, costume, dressing-gown and other departments are enormous reductions, while it is quite sure that, neither made at home nor bought at cost price, can better value be secured.

The east winds are upon us, and it behoves us to consider our skins. Hands and faces rough and weather-beaten are neither attractive nor comfortable. Seeking the advice and skilful, gentle treatment of Mrs. Helen Best, 526, Oxford Street, is not only doing your very best for your complexion, but is also a personal pleasure, because Mrs. Best is charming as well as clever. Her success in electrolysis makes her the recipient of a tremendous amount of very real gratitude. There is nothing that a sensitive woman feels so much as hairs growing where they should not. Electrolysis is a safe and permanent cure. If Mrs. Best performs it, it hurts no more than a little pricking. Supposing that now, in these days of cold and east wind, it is impossible to come to town to see this well-known specialist, write for her clever and informing brochures, "The Face" and "Concerning Toilet Preparations." In these days of motoring, smoke-laden atmosphere for bridge-playing, and strenuous life, our complexions do need some care from us, and Mrs. Best can help us to give it efficiently.

On "Woman's Ways" page a drawing will be found of an evening dress in Empire style of quicksilver-grey satin charmeuse; the coat effect is produced by a box-pleat down the back. The embroidery is of oxydised and bright silver.

Foresters, estate agents, and nurserymen—all, in fact, who have to do with forestry and timber—will find half-a-crown well spent on a copy of "Webster's Forester's Pocket Diary" for 1909 (seventh edition). Besides the ordinary uses of a diary, it supplies in a concise form a great variety of information on all matters connected with forestry, and a list of foresters with addresses. And inasmuch as a forester may meet the fate which Horace escaped (of having a tree fall on his head), the £1000 accident insurance coupon that goes with the diary is a comforting addition to its charms. The new Afforestation scheme makes it specially welcome now.

KEYNOTES.

THE Sunday concerts at the Albert Hall continue to provide entertainment of unvarying excellence and great variety. Down to the present season has served to introduce us to several débutants of more than common promise, and has brought us, in Signor Tamini, an artist whose next appearance is looked for with much interest, as, in spite of the obvious "good gifts" of the singer, it is not easy to gauge the full capacity of a soloist within the vast area of the concert-house at Kensington. Mr. Landon Ronald, who has been conducting many of the concerts, exhibits a marked increase of power and sympathy, and is to be congratulated upon having under his control a combination of players second to none in this country. Last week Mr. Benno Schonberger was the solo pianist and gave a delightful rendering of the second concerto of Saint-Saëns. The exquisite delicacy of his touch and the wide range of tone were allied to an intimate understanding of the points of a work that, for all its frequent repetition, remains a constant source of attraction.

At the Queen's Hall Mr. Henry Wood has resumed the fortnightly series of Symphony Concerts, and we have heard Elgar's new symphony conducted yet once more by the composer himself, who seems to find fresh beauties in the work every time he handles the score. It may well be that this beauty has been expressed upon each occasion, and that we only now are becoming readily receptive to it. A symphony that is the product of some best years of a man's life can hardly be expected to yield its beauty to a first or second hearing. If we could say so soon that it had no more to tell us, the work could not have any very deep significance.

Miss Kathleen Parlow, the young Canadian violinist, took the solo part in the Mendelssohn Concerto, and played it with distinction, even if she did not express quite as much as more experienced exponents can. This concerto is a curiously elusive work. Played by people who are little more than note and rhythm perfect it is almost colourless; interpreted by a great artist it becomes a thing of rare beauty. Perhaps the same criticism applies to much of Mendelssohn's music.

On Saturday next Mr. Granville Bantock is to conduct his new work, "The Pierrot of the Minute." It is the opening item of a remarkably interesting concert, in which Mme. Carreño will be the solo pianist; and the enormously difficult "Jupiter" Symphony of Mozart will be heard.

The Grand Opera Syndicate is to be congratulated, for the performances of the "Ring" operas have added greatly to its honourable record. Only those who realise the immense difficulties lying in the way of production of Wagner's Tetralogy under most favourable circumstances can realise the problems that must beset the people who endeavour to present the operas in a strange tongue with the aid of singers who, for the most part, have had to acquire their Wagner tradition outside Germany. With Wagner, who wrote his own books, every accent in every line had its value, and the initial task of securing an effective translation is one that bristles with difficulty. To add to the task of the direction, we have the unfortunate fact that few English singers have a keen sense of the requirements for the stage. Seldom or never do they display, in association with a fine voice, a natural gift for dramatic action. Then again, the music abounds in passages of the most trying description. The composer was not always greatly concerned with the limits of the human voice or the effect upon it of sharp and sudden modulations. Happily, he is accepted as a classic, and it is understood that the difficulties have to be faced and not shirked.

Taking all these difficulties into consideration, the performance of "The Rhinegold" must be praised, and the performance of "The Valkyries" was a triumph for all concerned. Mr. Clarence Whitehill, the American singer who took the part of Wotan, has, of course, enjoyed a great experience in many centres of Grand Opera, and is a great artist as well as a fine singer. Herr Cornelius is one of our best Siegfrieds, and sang brilliantly last Wednesday night under conditions of exceptional physical discomfort. Mr. Walter Hyde, as Siegmund, has confirmed the reputation he made last year, but he has yet to send his voice all over the house. The Mime of Hans Bechstein is a remarkably vivid study, in which the artist contrives to arrest attention without leaving the picture. The small parts have been well sung.

Perhaps the most remarkable achievement so far stands to the credit of Mme. Saltzmann-Stevens, the Brünnhilde. It was very hard for those who were in the house when the opera was given last week to realise that this artist was making her début, and that she had not appeared upon the operatic stage before. She, too, is an American, born in the State of Illinois, and made her first appearance—in a church choir—as a contralto. The beauty of her voice attracted attention, and she went to Paris to sing to Jean de Reszke, who at once declared that she was a true dramatic soprano. He sent her first to Munich to study dramatic action under Herr Fuchs, and when her work there was ended she returned to her studies in Paris. She has been with M. de Reszke for five years, and emerged from her seclusion only last week—to be admitted at once to the ranks of Grand Opera singers. When it is remembered that the rôle of Brünnhilde is perhaps the most difficult in all the range of Grand Opera the full extent of her astonishing achievement can be gauged.

COMMON CHORD.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Feb. 9.

OUTLOOKING.

WHAT with one thing and another, the Stock Exchange finds a fair amount of business on foot. Unhappily, there is not nearly sufficient for everyone: painful stories are known to most members of how certain of their fellows continue to suffer in consequence of the paucity of business which comes their way. Yet on the whole it cannot be said that the House is idle. New issues, of which both December and January have brought a plethora, act erratically in the way of bringing business or checking it: sometimes they have one effect, sometimes the other. The success of the new Russian loan in Paris was attained by means largely artificial; and even if the pessimisms of our own Press are somewhat overdone in the matter of Russian finance, it cannot be said that the country's loans offer much attraction to the British investor.

HOME RAILWAYS AND THE DIVIDENDS.

The most satisfactory dividend announcements made this half-year up to the present are those of the South Eastern and the Chatham Companies. The declaration of the former is distinctly good, "although," remarked a dealer as he read the official notice in the market, "they needn't keep on rubbing it in about the Deferred getting no dividend." South Eastern Preferred and Chatham First Preference have risen sharply since the news was announced, and this in spite of the agitation directed against the Board of the South Eastern Company. The London and South Western distribution is disappointing, and the Deferred stock is over-priced at 43 so long as it receives no more than 1½ per cent. Central Londons rallied bravely when the telegram arrived announcing 2½ per cent. on the Deferred. It must not be overlooked that the Exhibition traffics had a good deal to do with the better takes secured by the southern passenger, the underground and, to a lesser extent, by the Great Eastern lines. Nevertheless, it is fair to hope that the reduction in the coal-bill and other working expenses, to be obtained in the current half-year, will help to compensate for the absence of the Franco-British, while, of course, another Exhibition is to arise in its place.

UNITED SERDANG PLANTATIONS.

One of the most remarkable features of the past year was the rapid recovery in the price of rubber to over 5s. per lb. for fine Para. During the American depression and cessation of buying the price dropped as low as 2s. 9d. per lb., and stocks rapidly accumulated, but a sensational reaction began in the middle of the year, and the enormous increase in price shows clearly that the demand is still in advance of supply. The present annual consumption is estimated at about 70,000 tons, only a small proportion of which at present is plantation rubber; but in his recent speech at the annual meeting of the United Serdang Plantations, Mr. Arthur Lampard, the Chairman, gave it as his opinion that in five or six years the output of plantation rubber from the East would amount to 35,000 tons. The world's consumption is increasing, notwithstanding the high price of rubber, at the rate of about 10 per cent. per annum, and in view of the probable expansion of such industries as electricity and motor traction—two of the largest users of rubber—it is possible that the whole of this enormous output may come into use without displacing wild rubber. The important thing for shareholders in these Companies to remember, however, is that even if the price of rubber should fall—say to 3s. per lb. for plantation, equal to 2s. 9d. for fine Para—very large profits would still be earned by well-managed Companies. The United Serdang Plantations is one of the largest properties, and some of the figures given by Mr. Lampard should be worth your readers' attention. It consists now of 7300 acres planted with Para rubber—in all, 904,325 trees of different ages. For the next two years the production of rubber will be small, although sufficient profit should be earned from coffee and rubber to pay a moderate dividend. From 1910 the chairman gave the following estimate of the production—

1910-11	60,000 lb.
1911-12	300,000 "
1912-13	700,000 "
1913-14	1,170,000 "

and expects the production thereafter to rise gradually to 2,000,000 lb. per annum, which, at 3s. per pound, should yield a profit of 100 per cent. per annum—that is, £200,000. It will be noticed that, in making these estimates, the chairman anticipates an ultimate extraction of 2 lb. per tree, and a selling-price for plantation rubber of 3s. per lb. The estimated production per tree is certainly not excessive; for instance, the Anglo-Malay Rubber Company obtained in 1907 224,778 lb. from 68,236 trees—an average yield of just over 3½ lb. per tree. From sixteen acres of nine-year-old rubber the Highlands and Lowlands Company obtained in 1906 an average of over 7 lb. per tree. With regard to the future price of rubber it is, of course, impossible to make any forecast; but it is extremely unlikely to fall below 3s. per lb., at which price the collection of wild rubber leaves a very small profit. As will be seen from the above figures, however, even at 2s. per lb., a profit of 50 per cent. per annum would be earned. On the whole, United Serdang shares, at their present price of about 30s., should prove a very sound investment.

Saturday, Jan. 23, 1909.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month. Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

J.R.—1. More capital is pretty sure to be required sooner or latter. 2. Only as a sheer gamble. 3. Years, and many years. 4. Quite a fair price.

SINDBAD.—(1) We are making inquiries of our correspondent. (2) Western Canada lands would be our own choice of the two.

M.B.—Your letter was answered by post on the 19th inst.

SMALL CAPITALIST.—Bank shares mostly carry a liability of uncalled capital. Upon the three you mention the liability per share is (1) £40, (2) £12, and (3) £42, but the chance of the money being called up is, of course, very small. If you care to invest, we should put the shares in the order you have given.

PAT.—We should not buy any more at present.

J. M. D.—The price is about £20 for the £20 shares. It has been 22 bid. We believe there are only about 2700 in existence, so, naturally, the market is exceedingly limited.

S. W. P.—(1, 2, and 3) All good investments. No. 1 has a few charges in front of it. (4) Argentine, Cuba, Japanese, Chinese, and other such investments are constantly indicated in our columns. Interest on nearly all foreign Government bonds is payable by coupon. (5) Bristol, Birmingham, Plymouth, Leicester, Swansea. (6) Johannesburg, Moscow, Melbourne Harbour, Bergen.

X. Y. Z.—All three are bucket-shops of the rankest type. We should recommend you to deal with a member of the Stock Exchange.

L. H.—(1) Should wait until the Rand Mines dividend is paid. (2) Very difficult to say. We think, however, the Broken Hill Props. should be held. (3) Knight's Central are quite high enough. By waiting a bit you will probably get them cheaper. (4) Would rather buy Simmer and Jack shares or Princess Estate. (5) Cargo Fleets we should cut.

WHITE HEATHER.—We should be extremely sorry to trust any of our own money to these philanthropists. They are one of the firms alluded to by our correspondent "X.Y.Z."

HOPS.—Kindly refer to reply (1) to "Sindbad."

KODAK.—(1) Please see answer (3) to "L. H." (2) We fear it is rather a bad egg.

W. A. T.—(1) Will let you know later. (2) As a highly speculative lock-up there are elements that attract some people to the Preference shares.

GLASGOW.—We have not been able to trace the concern, but are making further inquiries.

A SHORT ACCOUNT OF AN INDUSTRIAL ENTERPRISE AND ITS ATTRACTIONS FOR AN INVESTMENT.

In the present issue of *The Sketch* will be found an illustration of the new premises of a well-known Oxford Street drapery company; and those of our readers who remember the shops of an earlier Victorian period, or even a generation since, cannot fail to appreciate a striking contrast between the present-day palaces in the great shopping centres and the dwarfed buildings and narrow, ill-lighted, and badly ventilated interiors of bygone days. In greater contrast still are the improved methods of business pursued—the displays of goods, the constant and ever-increasing relays of new and fashionable attire direct from the sources of origin, the arrangements for the greater convenience of customers, the rapid despatch of purchases, and the payment of carriage on parcels to all parts of the country. Among the pioneers of the new order of things must be reckoned D. H. Evans and Co., Limited. This business, started in 1879 in a modest-looking single shop then known as 147, Oxford Street (of which a small reproduction from a photograph appears also in our present issue), has since grown to an enormous extent; and what to the shareholders and the directors must be a source of great satisfaction is that since the business was incorporated as a limited liability company in 1894 the increase in the volume of business and the corresponding increase in yearly profits has been continuous. The company has in this period earned £693,447 net profit, or more than three times the amount of the original capital of the company; and for the past six years the dividend on the Ordinary shares has been 22½ per cent. As may be naturally assumed from the continued growth of the business, an enlargement of the premises has been necessary, and adjoining or adjacent premises have from time to time been acquired under exceptionally favourable conditions; leases and premises were taken from neighbours retiring and well disposed to the original owner of this business, and to the directors of the company since its formation, so that the usual high-priced conditions of present-day competition were not imposed. It is asserted, and may be well believed, that the company's property, situated as it is in what is now termed the "silk market of the world" is of greater value than when it started its limited liability career. All the leases acquired since the issue of Debentures in 1895 are the property of the shareholders, and not affected by the Debentures, which are redeemable and will commence being paid off in 1910 by yearly sums. It therefore follows that the new issue of Ordinary shares at £3 and Preference shares at 25s. should be a good investment, as, on the basis of last year's dividend, Ordinary shares would show over 7 per cent. on the outlay and over 4½ per cent. on the Preference shares—facts worthy of serious consideration when good-paying investments are difficult to find. All who have had the opportunity of inspecting the new premises already built and those in process of erection have been impressed with the completeness of the plans. Amongst time-saving devices will be found pneumatic cash-tubes, parcel shoots and carriers, telewriters and telephones; also a cloak-room for customers, lost-property office, and general information bureau for theatres, cab-fares, etc., and tourist and other time-tables.

MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

At Newbury these should go close: Ilsley Hurdle, Peter Bell; Royston Steeplechase, Time Test; Weyhill Hurdle, Sir Henry; Sefton Steeplechase, Mask; United Hunts Cup, Kilsby; Maiden Hurdle, Scotch Plaid; Reading Steeplechase, Flax Field; Winchester Steeplechase, Judas; Berkshire Hurdle, Holy War; Moderate Hurdle, Oreb. At Kempton the following should run well: Weybridge Steeplechase, Flax Field; Thames Hurdle, Lead Me; Kempton Park Hurdle, Peach; Paddock Steeplechase, Tom West; Littleton Steeplechase, Exelite; Middlesex Hurdle, Ayr; Crawford Steeplechase, N.B.; Hanworth Hurdle, Rex; Ditton Hurdle, Kilroe; Staines Steeplechase, The Farmer; Kempton Steeplechase, Domino; Egham Hurdle, Parleur.

CONCERNING NEW NOVELS.

"Septimus." By William F. Locke. (John Murray.)—"The Long Arm." By E. Phillips Oppenheim. (Ward, Lock.)—"The Golden Key." By Desmond Coke. (Chapman and Hall.)

THERE is something of Paragot in the aura that envelops Mr. Locke, something of Puck—beloved vagabonds both—much of their whimsicality of thought, their joy of life, their delicate impishness, their love of exploiting the unexpected. Few—save Paragot, Puck, or Mr. Locke—could have devised a being so fascinating, so simply chivalrous, so quaintly true as Septimus, the dreamer of dreams and the master of great guns. Septimus is the book; the book is Septimus. He, the vaguest of the company, is the leader. He wanders aimlessly along the highways and byways of the world—in it, not of it—a child, to be taken by the hand; yet dominates his world, makes those that are about him mere attendant mortals ministering to him. Mr. Locke has found in him a notable character, and, as companions for him, those that seem less great than he only by comparison. Were it not for Septimus, Zora Middlemist, Emmy Oldrieve, Clem Sypher, Wiggleswick would not only hold the rank that is theirs, but seem to hold it. As it is, the shadow of Septimus cloaks them. For all that, they must be taken into account—Zora, the magnificent, whose destiny is the love of a strong man; Sypher, the Sypher, of the Cure, a man whose mind is cast in the Napoleonic mould, whose body is as big as his heart, fit mate for Zora; Emmy, the frivolous and foolish, who brings with her an echo of comic opera and an odour of Peau d'Espagne; Wiggleswick, the reformed burglar, who is "cook-general" and valet to Septimus, and is summoned by pistol-shot instead of bell. For Septimus himself, what more shall be said? Better read the book that bears his name; in no other way can he be known. See him, the man who has cog-wheels instead of corpuscles, but keeps them clear of the heart—

"Whatever one does or tries to do, one should insist on remaining human. It's good to be human, isn't it? I once knew a man who was just a complicated mechanism of brain encased in a body. His heart didn't beat; it clicked and whirled. It caused the death of the most perfect woman in the world."

He looked dreamily into the blue ether between sea and sky. Zora felt strangely drawn to him.

"Who was it?" she asked softly.

"My mother," he said. . . . "That's why I try hard to keep myself human."

And Septimus is very human.

It need scarcely be said that Mr. Phillips Oppenheim's method is not that of Mr. Locke. Mr. Oppenheim is "out," frankly, for

sensation, as those who know his work expect him to be. Nor is he unsuccessful. Why should he be, when he has but to use once again an imagination that, aided by a facile pen, has served him many a time? His plot is rather more original than his title, for "The Long Arm" is that of revenge, not coincidence. It is wielded by one Mannister, an unpleasant, unforgiving person, who determines to punish one by one a gang of men and women who have played him false. His method is not that of the man who runs amok amongst his enemies; it is more sure. One of those who have wronged him is accused of theft, and has to go abroad—"Mannister, taking a sheet of paper from his pocket, deliberately ruled a firm, thick line through the first name." Another borrows money to speculate in a silver mine, is caught, cannot repay, and flies the country; a third is found cheating at cards—and so on; and each time Mannister scores out a name. Only the last two guests are all good for those sought. In each a woman is given another chance. The second of the women is Mannister's wife—

"Christine!" he said, and held out his hands.

The woman clutched at the shoulder of her maid, who was close behind. She looked at Mannister as one might look at a ghost. . . .

"George," she whispered, "is it possible that you have forgiven?"

"It is possible," he answered, "it is true. . . ."

"And you have been looking for me," she murmured, "for two years, and all the time I have been flying from you, terrified. And I have been lonely all the time."

Mr. Desmond Coke takes as his theme a quotation from the day-book of one of his own characters—

How many there are who go through life as slaves—slaves to their own selves, slaves to their dignity and foolish pride! Deep down, their soul cries loudly for its freedom, but they deny it, fearing to seem ridiculous in self-abandonment; and which a blind world writes them down as heartless. But all the while their heart is there, locked behind a door of its own making. Some there are of these who, later, losing themselves in love of another, find everything; and God, with a great joy, gives into their hand the Golden Key.

It is this Golden Key that is given at last into the hand of Justus Verderer, born a serf of dignity and pride, and able to release himself only after he has been shown the way. His path to freedom is thorn-strewn. That the thorns are of his own plucking matters little. They are there, they must be passed over—they are of the bushes "reserve," "snobbishness," "fear of seeming a fool." In the end, they are crushed down, made harmless by Loneliness and Love—

For the first time he severed the irking bars of self. . . . He thought neither of his pride, nor dignity, nor sense of humour, nor words, nor anything at all flung off the fetters that had spoiled his life; and with a sincerity quite new, kneed at the feet of the woman for whom he felt not only comradeship and love, but something of man's eternal reverence for the Madonna.

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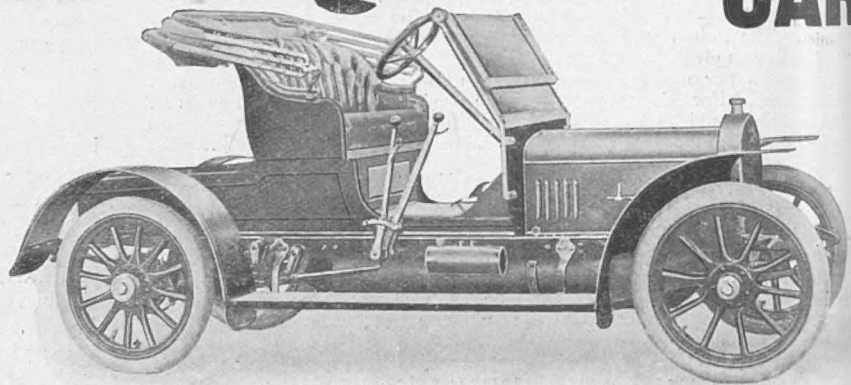
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